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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED

JOURNAL OF ART

LITERATURE AND

CURRENT EVENTS



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DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL

JONES, OF THE THIRD BATTALION

"NEAR JARO, SERGEANT CLEMENT C. JONES, OF THE THIRD BATTALION, TENNESSEE REGIMENT, MADE A DASH FROM THE OUTPOSTS ACROSS EIGHT HUNDRED YARDS OF OPEN RICE FIELDS, FORDED A RIVER, SEIZED A REBEL STANDARD, AND RETURNED UNSCATHED WITH HIS TROPHY THROUGH A HAIL OF MAUSER BULLETS FROM THE FILIPINO INTRENCHMENTS. IT WAS THE MOST DESPERATE DEED OF DARING THE WAR HAS PRODUCED"—A CABLEGRAM FROM MANILA

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ROBERT J COLLIER EDITOR

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NEW YORK JUNE TWENTY-FOURTH 1899

THE PRESENT STATUS OF THE DREYFUS
AFFAIR

WE HAVE REPEATEDLY called attention to the exposure of the conspiracy, whereof Capt. Alfred Dreyfus of the French Artillery has been the victim. That exposure was begun by Émile Zola, the eminent novelist; it was continued by Lieut. Col. Picquart, who proved that the so-called *bordereau*, or principal piece of incriminatory evidence, was in Esterhazy's handwriting; and it has been completed by the *Cour de Cassation*, the supreme tribunal of France. That Court, in its pronouncement, has not only quashed the sentence of the court-martial by which Dreyfus was convicted of treason and ordered the charge made against him to be examined by a new military court, but it has stigmatized in advance as worthless the principal evidence on which the former conviction was based, and thereby rendered impossible another miscarriage of justice.

However much the decision given by the *Cour de Cassation* may commend itself upon the score of truth and justice to those familiar with the affair, the fact that it should have been rendered must, nevertheless, be looked upon as little short of amazing. When the Brisson Cabinet referred to a committee the preliminary question whether the petition for revision, submitted by Mme. Dreyfus, called for an investigation on the part of the supreme tribunal, one-half of the committee replied in the affirmative and one-half in the negative. The three members who replied in the negative were judges upon the bench of the so-called civil section of the *Cour de Cassation*; the weight, therefore, of judicial opinion seemed to be arrayed from the outset against the desired revision. Nevertheless, the Brisson Cabinet assumed that, as the committee was evenly divided, it had the right to act, and proceeded to require a revision of the court-martial's sentence from the *Cour de Cassation*, which, in pursuance of the statute then operative, relegated the matter to the criminal section of the supreme tribunal.

The sudden death of President Faure relieved the friends of Dreyfus from their most powerful enemy, and deprived the General Staff of an inflexible supporter. Even then, however, the conclusion at which, as it was believed, the criminal section had arrived, might have been set aside by the full court but for the interposition of the tremendous engine of publicity. The Paris newspaper *Figaro*, having obtained from a source unknown, the authenticity of which, however, is undisputed, all the testimony submitted to the criminal section, proceeded to publish it in full, and thus converted the whole intelligent section of the French population into a jury of assize. No sooner was the evidence set forth than the verdict of public opinion was peremptorily rendered, and it became impossible for any members of the *Cour de Cassation* to set it aside. When, accordingly, the hour arrived for a final judgment to be rendered, the supreme tribunal by a unanimous vote not only quashed the

sentence of the court-martial, and ordered a new trial to be held in a provincial town by officers, the selection of which was to be made by the Council of Ministers, but announced in so many words that the *bordereau*, or chief piece of evidence on which Dreyfus had been convicted, was the work of another man.

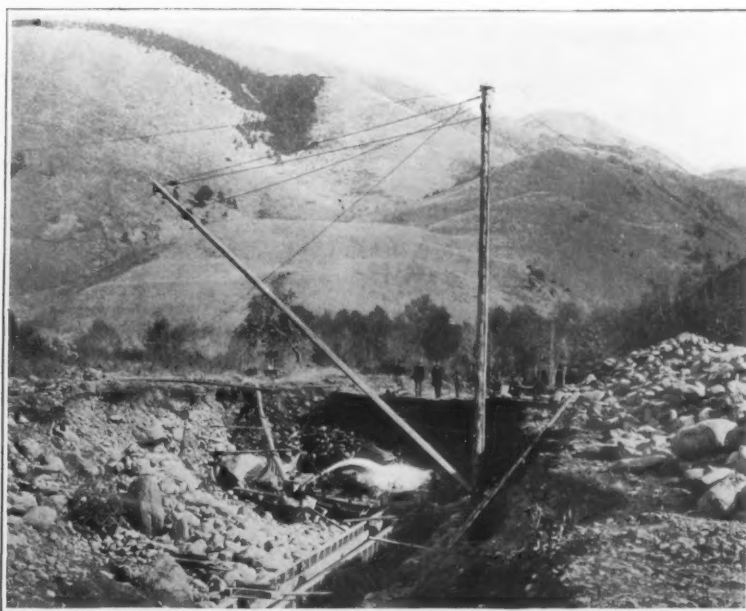
In the presence of such a decision, the acquittal of Alfred Dreyfus by the second court-martial is a matter of course. But how shall France ever atone for the appalling sufferings, to which a worthy and innocent officer has been wickedly subjected?

THE NAVAL WAR COLLEGE AT NEWPORT

THE REPORTS FURNISHED by the daily newspapers of the lectures delivered during the last week at the Naval War College in Newport have directed general attention to an interesting institution, the precise purpose of which has been often misunderstood. The Naval War College is not a post-graduate department of the Naval School at Annapolis, where students are merely carried somewhat further along lines previously followed. On the contrary, the work performed at Newport is of a wholly different kind, and is confined to an examination and an attempted solution of those strategic and tactical problems by which naval commanders are confronted in actual warfare, and of which some remarkable examples were presented during our recent contest with Spain. It will be remembered that, when that contest began in April, 1898, Spain possessed two fleets in being, one at Manila and the other in her home waters, each applicable to the defence of peninsular seaports and the Spanish Antilles, or to aggressive operations against our Atlantic and Pacific coasts. The problem was how to disqualify both of those fleets for either of those purposes, and we know that it was successfully solved by Admiral Dewey on the one hand and by Admirals Sampson and Schley upon the other.

A little reflection will convince us that a naval officer may be expert in firing guns, or in handling a single ship, or in maintaining the due station of his ship in company with a few other vessels, and yet be lacking in the comprehension of those strategic and tactical principles which are needed for coping with the supreme exigencies of naval warfare. For that comprehension a careful study of naval history is required. Among other results of such a study should be conspicuously mentioned the discovery that the basic principles of naval operations have remained substantially unchanged, notwithstanding the applications of steam and the invention of many new and formidable engines of war. It is, therefore, possible to deduce from history the principles of naval warfare which, with only slight modifications, must govern us to-day. Historical lectures delivered by such accepted authorities as Captain A. T. Mahan have, thus, a primary part to play in the course of work pursued at the Naval College in Newport. Of manifest utility, moreover, are the lectures devoted to international law, with which it is needful that naval commanders should be conversant. We should add that each year a particular question affecting a given theatre of operations is submitted to the students in attendance at the college; in 1894, the question related to the defence of New York Harbor and Long Island Sound; in 1895, the scene of hostilities was transferred to the New England coast, from Cape Cod to Eastport. By the consideration of such questions, naval officers are familiarized in advance with operations which, at any moment, they may be called upon to undertake.

To the practical value of institutions like that, the aim of which has been here indicated, there is abundant testimony. For instance, Colonel Henderson, Professor of Military Art and History in the English Army Staff College, advocated in a recent lecture the method of fitting officers for the exercise of command by training them beforehand in the solution of military problems. He pointed out that the method was not new, having been long followed in Germany; indeed, it was at the Kriegsakademie that Von Moltke himself, during his long tenure of office as Chief of Staff, framed and criticised the problems which the students were to solve. So highly is the practice rated in Germany that, even after their course at the Kriegsakademie is finished, those students, who have evinced most proficiency, spend a whole year in solving problems under the direct supervision of the higher authorities. Colonel Henderson went on to point out that the Naval War College at Newport pursued a system of instruction identical with that which had been previously adopted by its great prototype in Berlin. The Russian Vice-Admiral Makaroff, in a recent discussion of naval tactical questions, referred with appreciation and respect to the War College of the United States Navy, and to the work which is there performed.



HYDRAULIC PIPE IN OPERATION AT A PLACER MINE

RICH PLACER MINES IN LOWER CALIFORNIA

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 8

A GOLD MINING excitement has just broken out in California and threatens to become epidemic, caused by the recent discovery of new placer territory in the peninsula of Lower, or Baja, California, about three hundred and fifty miles below San Diego. Reports have been current for some months, but the inaccessibility of the region has hitherto prevented any great emigration in that direction; but the return of a number of the first explorers with considerable gold in their possession, and their shipments of supplies to the new diggings, has greatly stimulated the latent excitement and started a large number of men toward the new El Dorado. The unknown capabilities of this new section, and the admitted difficulties that are sure to be encountered before these new placers can be reached, do not in the least deter the adventurous class, that is always to be found in the West, from making the attempt. It is enough for these men that others have been there and returned with gold. "What one can do, another can also," is an article of belief among miners; consequently the departures for the new gold find are assuming large proportions, and many more are preparing to follow. The peninsula of Lower California is almost virgin land. Large portions of the State have never been explored, and even of the coasts, both in the Gulf and Pacific Ocean, but little is known. The interior is mountainous throughout—the coast invariably a desert. On the Pacific there is hardly a stream that enters into the ocean; certainly none of any magnitude, all being lost, in their flow from the interior tableland, in the sands which everywhere border the coast, or else in some instances being intercepted by the ranchers and used for irrigating the occasional valleys. Wherever water can be had the lands are of surprising fertility. The peninsula is about seven hundred and fifty miles long, and at its widest is one hundred and fifty miles across. It includes about fifty-one thousand square miles, and its inhabitants number just about one to the square mile.

Brandegee, the botanist, in 1888, traversed this country from Magdalena Island to Ensenada, but his trip was in the interest of science, and he gave but little attention to the natural features of the country, which he described as waterless, except in isolated valleys, and exceedingly rough. For days he travelled without meeting with water, and suffered much from thirst.

The cape region of the peninsula is, on the contrary, well watered and rich in tropical products. The people are indolent to the last degree, and life is made easy for them by the abundance of nature, which provides almost everything life sustaining with little or no effort at cultivation. Bananas, pineapples, fig, guava, sugar cane, oranges, lemons and all other tropical fruits grow in profusion.

No frost ever reaches the latitude of the Cape region. Gold is everywhere, and quartz mines only await the discoverer. At Santa Rosalia, on the Gulf Coast, there are mines rich in copper, silver and gold. There was also a smelter owned by a French company, which employed one thousand men, every one of whom has deserted and fled to the new placers at Sierra Pintada, which is about one hundred miles east.

The usual route to the new placers is by steamer from San Diego to Ensenada, and thence by occasional

schooners (a line of steamers will soon be placed upon the route) either to Assumption Bay or Bay St. Roque. From these points on the coast the Sierra Pintada placers are about twenty-five miles, over a sandy and ascending trail, waterless and obstructed by dense growths of chaparral. The mines cover a territory of twenty-five by fifteen miles. Water, it is said, can be found at a moderate depth, but not in sufficient quantity for mining. Drinking water is brought from the mountains, distant twenty miles, and sells for two and a half to five dollars a gallon. The gold is almost pure, and is worth twenty dollars an ounce. It is mined by taking a painful and blowing away the sand, a laborious and wasteful process; but, notwithstanding, miners are reported as making from ten to forty dollars a day. Two nuggets worth two thousand dollars, it was reported, had been found by two Mexican miners, and one hundred and fifty-eight thousand dollars was the amount received in one shipment at Ensenada in the latter part of May, the first shipment in bulk that has been reported. The mines, of course, are on Mexican soil, and are operated under Mexican laws, which are extremely liberal to the miner. About five hundred people have, up to June 1, left San Diego for the new placers. Many of the earlier explorers have returned for machinery and provisions, and have greatly stimulated the excitement by their favorable reports.

These reports have even penetrated so far as Alaska, and have had the effect of a counter-irritant, as it were, on some of the forlorn people who have been stranded there as victims of the Klondike gold fever. The contrast is too great between the icy rigors of Alaska, with its interminable winter night, and the sunny climate of California, where a miner hard pressed for luck can always fall back on the bounties of the country-side all around him. Whereas, gold mining in the Klondike, as in some parts of the eastern ridge of the Rocky Mountains, simply resolves itself into a long-drawn struggle of man's endurance against hunger, cold and maddening solitude. The present life of a placer miner in California, as in the days of '49, differs but slightly from that of any enterprising pioneer who has pushed forward into the untrodden wilds of primeval nature, where all is verdure and sunshine. In California all a man has to do, after he has staked out his claim, is to chop down some of the trees growing thickly all around him and to build his rude log cabin in the clearing thus created. Unlike pioneer life on the plains, no precautions need be taken against sudden cyclones or wash-outs, nor need the settler rack his brains with problems of irrigation and other devices rendered imperative in regions where water is scarce and rains uncertain. Where the climate is so temperate and even and the land so fertile, there are so many other inducements beyond the finding of gold alone that it has become the usual thing for the man who may have come as a mere gold seeker to remain as a settler, there to surround himself with a family and found a homestead. It is thus, in fact, that the State of California has been built up from a comparatively unproductive province of feudal Spanish haciendas into one of the richest and most fertile States of the Union. The first stages of this evolution, it will be remembered, were achieved in California when the main part of the State was still under Mexican rule. The American immigrants who then shaped the destinies of the State were of the same breed as the men

of to day who are at present pouring into the rugged fastnesses of the Sierra Pintada. Like the Uitlanders of the Transvaal and Orange Free State, these men of initiative and daring form the real marrow and bone of the new communities that spring up on the contested ground of these distant border states. It is bound to be merely a matter of time before they are recognized as the ruling spirits of the new countries reclaimed by them from the semi-barbarous neglect and waste of their former owners.

If greater discoveries of gold should follow the astonishing finds already announced from Ensenada, it appears more than likely that this region will suddenly find itself a storm centre of the same contesting passions that have arrayed Boer and Englishman against one another, fomented in this case by all the smouldering race prejudices that have ever stood between those of Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon blood and those of Latin extraction, or mongrel breed. Already such pet names as "Yankee Pigs" and "Mexican Greasers" are bandied back and forth between the rival claimants to this fertile land, and all that is needed is some powerful common motives of dissension to turn these left handed compliments into strident war cries.

As things stand at present, however, the number of new settlers is still so small that there is cause for rejoicing rather than apprehension on the part of the present mine owners at the advent of every new-comer. As the number of prospectors increases from day to day accordingly, they look forward to an immediate era of growing prosperity, letting the ultimate future take care of itself.

The men who form the present vanguard, for the most part, are individual miners and prospectors, equipped only with the rudest of implements, but with plenty of ready personal experience, gathered from the gold fields of South Africa, Australia, Alaska, and Cripple Creek. They are followed by the advance prospectors of mining syndicates and capitalized companies, who look over the ground with a view to establishing mines on a grand scale, supplied with all the costly apparatus for blasting, boring, and crushing the quartz. Their advent, again, is followed by a horde of miners seeking for work as regular paid employees, after the manner of most of the miners now engaged in extracting the ore from the valuable mining concessions in Northern California, Colorado, and the lower regions of the Klondike.

The prospect is that a gold excitement of the first rank will rage for an indefinite period. One result will be a thorough exploration of the hitherto little known peninsula, and the determination of the actual richness of a region which general opinion has always asserted to be of vast possibilities.

The accompanying illustrations indicate much better than any description the general character of the natives and the primitive methods prevailing. Many were taken by Professor Gustave Eisen of the Academy of Sciences, San Francisco, on a recent trip of exploration, in which the wealth of the country from a study of its fauna and flora point of view was determined. In one respect Lower California is favored beyond all other sections of the Western Hemisphere. In no region of the same extent is animal life, particularly that class which was created for the annoyance and exasperation of the human species, so prolific or so infinitely repulsive as it is there.

ENOS BROWN.



A MEXICAN HOME



MEXICAN WATER CARRIERS



HYDRAULIC MINING



A CALIFORNIA



MINING TOWN



PROSPECTORS' CAMP IN LOWER CALIFORNIA



A RUINED ADOBE HOUSE

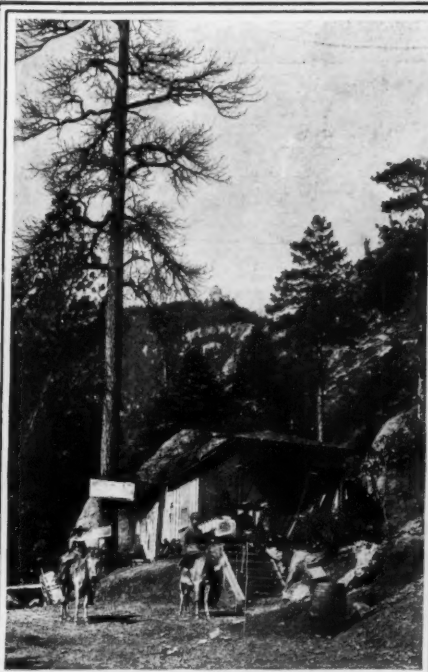
RICH GOLD PLACERS IN LOWER CALIFORNIA



"CINCHING UP" FOR A START



ON THE TRAIL TO THE PLACER MINES



A MOUNTAIN HOUSE OF REST



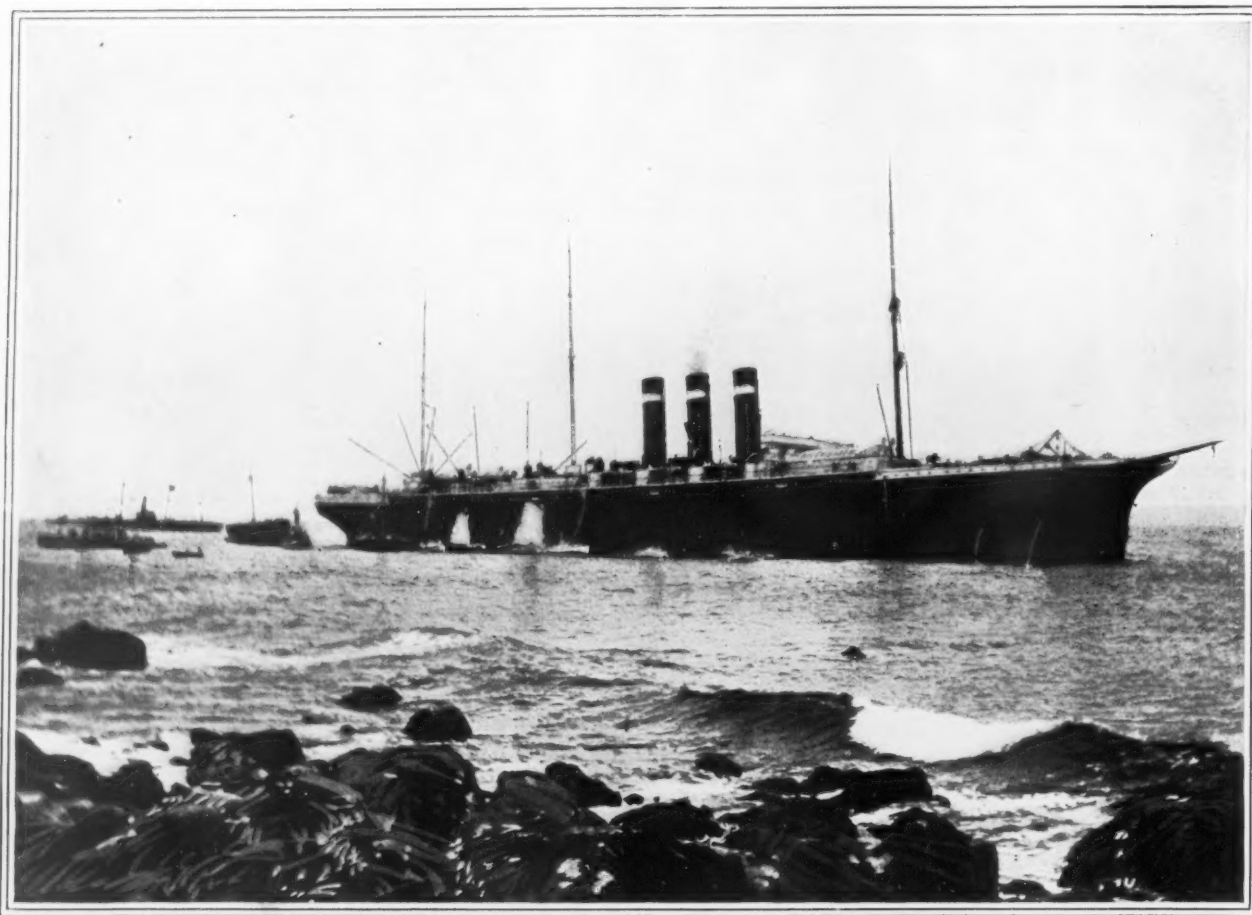
PACK-TRAIN BURROS LADEN WITH SUPPLIES FOR THE MINES



A CALIFORNIA BURRO TRAIN PACKING FLUME PLANKS



A SLUICE BOX AT A CALIFORNIA PLACER MINE
RICH GOLD PLACERS IN LOWER CALIFORNIA



THE PARIS ON THE MANACLES

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE ROCKS, FRIDAY, MAY 26. THE AMERICAN LINER PARIS WENT ASHORE ON MANACLE ROCKS, IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, MAY 21. THE ROCKS BURROWED INTO HER BOW, WHILE HER STERN SWUNG FREE. THE PARIS IS NOW IN THE HANDS OF THE UNDERWRITERS, HAVING BEEN SURRENDERED BY THE STEAMSHIP COMPANY

THE WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

MANILA, P. I., MAY 2, 1899

WHILE DRIVING the insurgents before us we have accomplished one great work of peace which the Spaniards neglected during three centuries of occupation. We have made some approximately accurate maps of the country lying within thirty miles of the capital of these islands. The Spanish maps showed most of the large rivers, some of them blissfully flowing up hill. Where the roads and the rivers met towns were located. Usually these towns existed, although in some other place. Where we expected to find a good road we have found none. As compensation, we have sometimes found a good one where a swamp had been indicated.

The people at home who have been following these old Spanish maps in the newspapers from day to day can safely multiply the number of streams by five if they would appreciate the work that our army has been doing. This has been a campaign of crossing streams; and wherever there was a stream there was an intrenchment on the other side of it. When we could not ford the streams we have swam them. Lieutenant Fleming took three guns across the Bagbag with his mules swimming, and the guns quite out of sight under water. Major Mulford of the Nebraskans located the ford where General Hale's brigade crossed the Bagbag by advancing hand in hand with three privates until they found a place where they did not have to swim.

It is our manner of taking intrenchments across streams which has put the finishing touch on the reputation of Colonel Frederick Funston of the Twentieth Kansas, and so thoroughly demoralized the rebels that they sent over Colonel Arguelles, Luna's chief of staff, and Lieutenant Bernal, an aide, to sue for peace.

There are reasons why a Kansas man should not be blamed for trying to rub his success into the members of certain volunteer regiments which called the Kansans "jays" at Camp Merritt. The Kansans now regard their appearance upon their arrival in 'Frisco as an important and glorious feature in the history of their regiment. These victims of local politics were without discipline and wore their cast-off civilian clothes. The 'Frisco papers called them "Coxey's Army," and made them the laughing-stock of town and camp. It goes without saying that they kept a stiff upper lip in this hour of deep inner humiliation.

"We ain't no dudes," they said; "but you needn't think that we're no good just because we've got a 'Top' Governor, who locked our uniforms up and wanted us to go to war naked. You wait till you see Bleeding Kan in a scrap and you'll say she's all right."

The doctors soon observed one striking peculiarity of

the Kansans. They were healthy enough to afford the slur of being ragged. It takes a bullet to kill a Kansas man. While regiments from the cities grew faint and pale, Bleeding Kan became hearty and sunburned. Her sons thrived on the transport as if it were a first class-hotel. They slept in muddy trenches without getting the malaria. After they had taken Caloocan their effectives were nearly eleven hundred.

"Before we get sick," says Kansas, "we want to see something to get sick for. It ain't much hotter anywhere than 'tis in Kansas, and it ain't much colder anywhere than 'tis in Kansas. Taking the cyclones into account, it ain't to be expected that a Kansan will wilt like a hothouse flower."



CAPTAIN GEORGE H. TILLY, U.S.V. SIGNAL CORPS, KILLED BY FILIPINOS IN AMBUSH AT ESCALANTE, NEGROS ISLAND, MAY 27

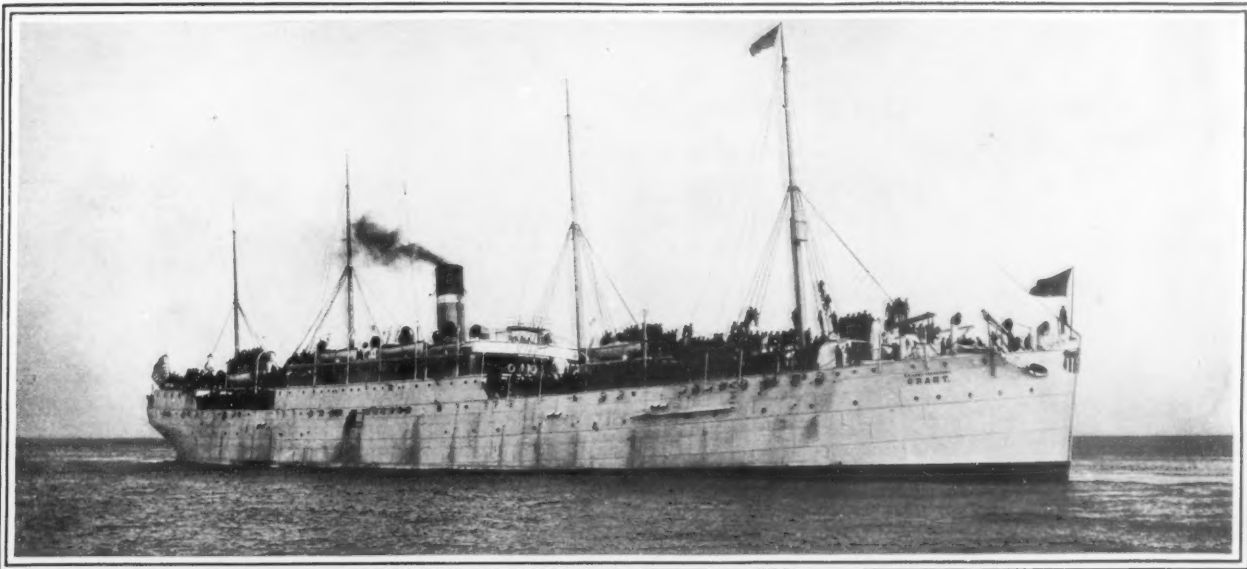
A blessing came to the Kansans at Camp Merritt in the form of the smallest member of the regiment. If Major-General Miles had taken charge of the Santiago campaign in person, Colonel Funston would have gone on his staff. The general had sent for him to come to Tampa, where he gave the general the benefit of what he had learned about Cuba and the Cubans in two years' experience under Gomez. Funston is more like Phil Sheridan than any man this war has developed. He is slighter, but his build is much the same. In the art of "cussing out," as they call it in the army, he has only one rival, Major Kobbe of the Third Artillery.

After Colonel Stotsenberg was killed a hush came over the Kansas regiment. Every man was thinking that it might be Funston's turn next. The instinct of the regiment was to line up before the colonel and tell him that if he would keep to the rear in the advance on Calumpit they would attend to the rest. As the Kansas line came up to the river-bank at Calumpit with a cheer, they saw the colonel with a devoted sergeant in his wake swimming toward the intrenchments on the opposite bank. When, dripping and dirty, he climbed up the fallen span of the bridge, it was hard to believe that, by the doctor's orders, he ought to have been in the hospital having an abscess in his leg treated. A few minutes later, Brigadier-General Hale, who had crossed the river higher up with his brigade, also dripping, received Major-General MacArthur's congratulations across the breach caused by the fallen span.

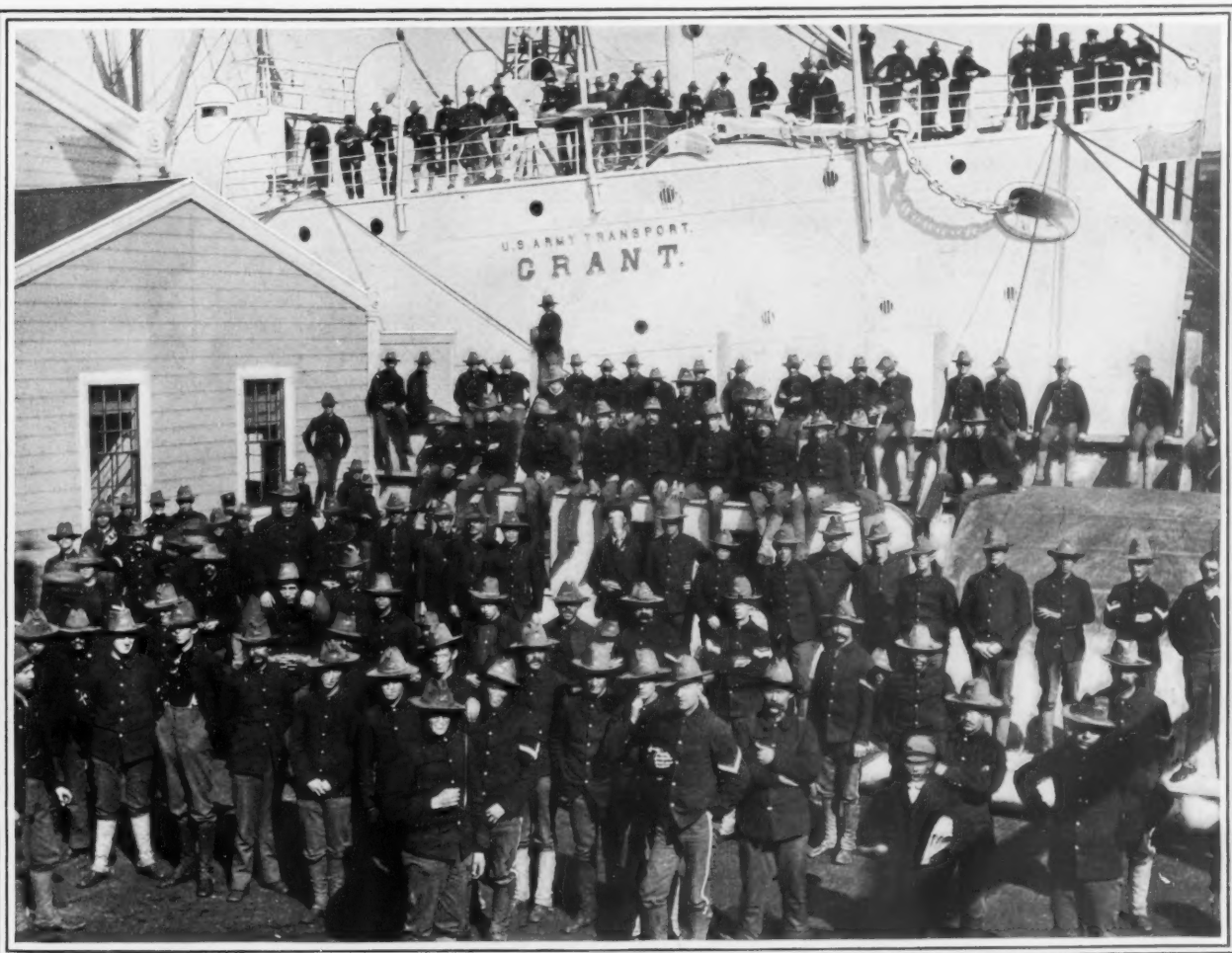
In truth, the insurgent army ran away from Malolos because it was demoralized. It would have tarried at Calumpit no longer than it tarried there. But three weeks' rest revived the spirit of the little black men. They began to believe in the boasts of their leaders that we had come as far as we dared. They used the pick and spade again with a will.

The day after we had taken Malolos, Lieutenant Ratson, with seven men, had suffered no casualties in occupying the town of Quingua, on the Quingua River, at the extreme right of our line. Having ridden in, he rode back (according to orders). While the Fourth and all the rest of the army rested in camp, the insurgents, having completed their intrenchments on the Bagbag and at Calumpit, came up to Quingua, and there, before the eyes of our outposts, constructed a fine semi-circular intrenchment.

It was the plan, when the advance on Calumpit was begun, for Hale's brigade on the right of the track to move diagonally toward a ford some distance below Quingua, and, crossing, to swing around on the flank of the intrenchments at Bagbag. The morning of the day before they intended to advance, Major Bell, with a troop of the Fourth Cavalry, went out to see just how much trouble the force in the intrenchments at Quingua might give us. He developed the enemy's strength with a vengeance. The Filipinos were as quiet as mice until they had the troop in point-blank range, when they began volleying. The major estimates that there were four companies of them, with probably fifty men to a company. When the troop sought cover, leaving one dead man behind, the Filipinos sprang out of their trenches and followed. The business of caring for its wounded made the retreat of the troop necessarily slow. An orderly was hurried off to the Nebraskans, who were on the extreme right of our line, to send a battalion to their assistance. As soon as General MacArthur heard of the affair he sent as well a battalion of the Iowa and two guns.



THE U. S. ARMY TRANSPORT GRANT LEAVING SAN FRANCISCO FOR MANILA ON DECORATION DAY
WITH THE 16TH REGIMENT ABOARD



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WEIDNER, SAN FRANCISCO

THE GRANT'S PASSENGERS ON THE DOCK JUST BEFORE THE TROOPSHIP CAST OFF

The Fourth was fairly in the mess when Colonel Stotsenberg of the Nebraskans waved a good-by to his wife from the window of the morning train which left Manila at 8:30 o'clock for Malolos. He arrived at Malolos at eleven, jumped on a horse, and hurried out to the regiment, which he found lying out in the open under a heavy fire. The Filipinos were showing the pluck which characterizes them when their spirits are high. They took good aim at our men, despite the heavy answering fire. Either the Nebraskans must retreat or go forward. They could not lie still with every minute bringing the call for a doctor. Standing erect, Stotsenberg surveyed the field for a minute, and then gave the order to charge. Every man who had not fallen from a wound or from heat prostration sprang forward, guiding on him.

The privates will tell you now that they saw him fall or that they heard some one say that the colonel

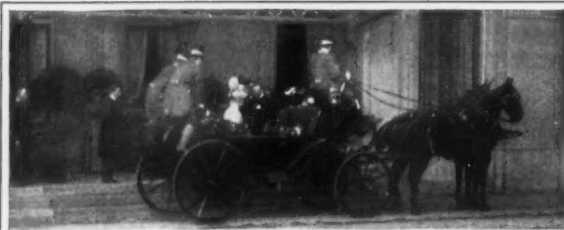
was hit, and then that they swore and gritted their teeth, and thought of nothing but the rebels in the trench. The bullet had been kind to Stotsenberg. It passed through his body near his heart, and he fell without a word. The afternoon train took his body back to his wife. He was a regular army officer with the regular's ideas of discipline; a superior regular army officer doing, without fuss, his duty as he understood it, whose death was the choicest that befalls the soldier. While doing barrack duty in Manila, at behest of the regiment the State Legislature had passed a resolution asking that this "heller of a colonel," as they call a martinet in the army, be superseded. He was the most unpopular commanding officer among the volunteers before he ever led his men in a charge. After that they swore by him. He led them against Quingua, and lost his life because he thought too much of them to see them punished while waiting

for brigade orders. The orderly who came from General Hale to tell him to fall back was too late. He stopped by the colonel's body and looked at the colonel's soldiers as they climbed over the earthworks, while the general adapted himself to the circumstances and ordered the Iowas to charge as well. It had been his intention to bring the Nebraskans back under cover while the guns shelled the enemy out of his trenches. This would probably have caused quite as great a loss—a loss of fifty men in retaking a town which we had evacuated.

Although they had won a great victory, there was a lump in every Nebraska man's throat. They said, "Nebraska's done for"; and the next day, for the colonel's sake, they fought harder than ever. As long as the war continues the spirit of Stotsenberg will lead them. They have forgiven him for being a "heller."

FREDERICK PALMER.

THE INTERNATIONAL DISARMAMENT



CONFERENCE AT THE HAGUE



ARRIVAL OF QUEEN WILHELMINA AT THE HAGUE TO GREET THE DELEGATES. THE QUEEN IS SEATED IN THE CARRIAGE, IN WHITE

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY)
THE HAGUE, MAY 26

WHOEVER FIRST thought of The Hague as a meeting place for the great Peace Conference deserves to be congratulated for this really happy inspiration. For the past two weeks I have moved around among delegates, peace advocates, professional and amateur, newspaper correspondents, and simple curiosity-seekers, and I have not heard a single discordant note in the pean of praise generally sounded in honor of this fascinating town and its sober, quiet, but hospitable and courteous inhabitants. All are charmed with its cleanliness, its picturesque vistas and promenades, its interesting public monuments, its invigorating, fortifying atmosphere, and last, but not least, the good quality of the food and cooking in the hotels, restaurants, and cafes.

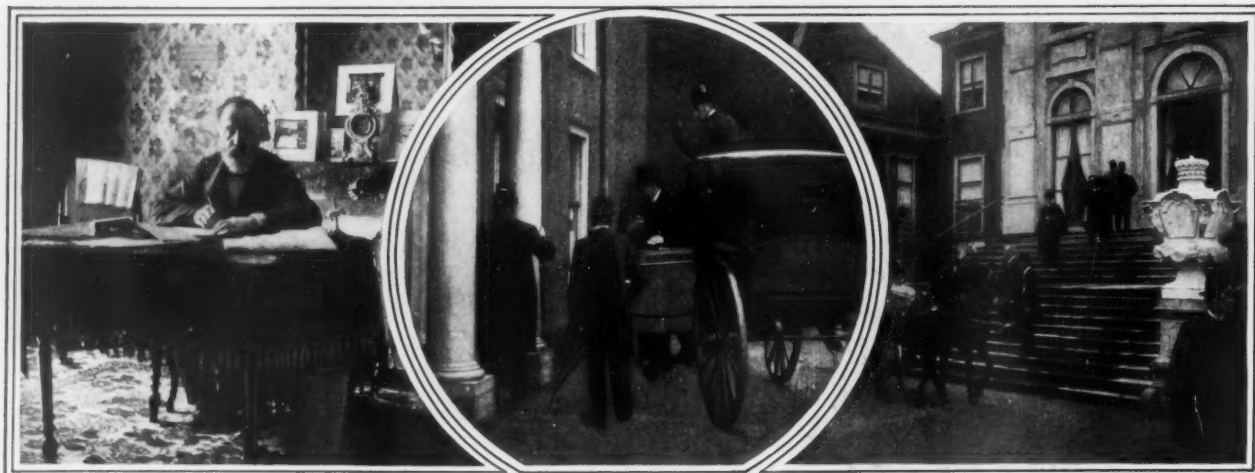
All these factors must necessarily contribute to produce a cheerful frame of mind by relieving the liver and driving away splenetic tendencies. Their influence appears to have already borne fruit, to judge by the absence of serious friction in the composition of the three commissions of the Peace Conference and in the various other preliminary arrangements. Even the redoubtable Professor Von Stengel, author of the pamphlet "Eternal Peace," in which he treated the theories of peace advocates with contumely, has come

down a few pegs. From the roaring lion we imagined him to be some months ago, he has become metamorphosed into a cooing dove. Nevertheless, it would perhaps be rash to attribute this solely to the surroundings, or even the beer of the Hague, of which the professor, like all his countrymen here, is very fond. Count Von Muenster, the Kaiser's chief delegate, has doubtless had a hand in producing his apparent change of front, for the count is an ardent and sincere supporter of the Rescript, and it is perhaps a pity that his share in the active work of the conference is not greater than it is.

But here I am entering into the "politics" of the Peace gathering, and this is precisely what I intended to avoid at the start. The situation is so uncertain that it is useless endeavoring to describe it for the benefit of the reader who is reached a whole fortnight after one has put pen to paper. So many changes may take place in the meanwhile, it is safer to leave the chronicling of events to the correspondents of the daily papers; and, Heaven knows, there are enough of them here to keep track of the slightest move made or contemplated at the Palace in the Woods. None of them are allowed to pass its portals, it is true, but since the conference counts a hundred members, one can easily conceive that a secret is not very long kept from the ubiquitous knight of the pen.

In the matter of newspaper correspondents, every civilized nation is more or less represented, and, as usual, a goodly portion of these gentlemen are Hebrews, beginning with Frischauer and Goldmann, the two Germans expelled from Paris for "offensive partisanship" in the Dreyfus case, Lavino of the London "Times" and many others. The Hebrew contingent is equally strong among the peace advocates and representatives of peace societies, who are fluttering about The Hague like butterflies around a candle. These people, by the way, are in many ways the most interesting of all the strangers whom the Conference has attracted to the Dutch legislative capital. A few words regarding them will therefore not be amiss, and the more as I have succeeded in inducing most of them to pose for me.

Baroness Bertha von Suttner, universally known as the author of various striking works of fiction, but more particularly of the novel, "Die Waffen Nieder," constituting a forcible arraignment of war, is stopping at the Grand Central Hotel, where she has organized a sort of general headquarters for the Peace advocates and associations. Her object in coming here, as she explained to me yesterday, was to do "lobby work" in support of her ideas. As she occupies a high position in Viennese society, and is in every sense a woman of the world, she has found no diffi-



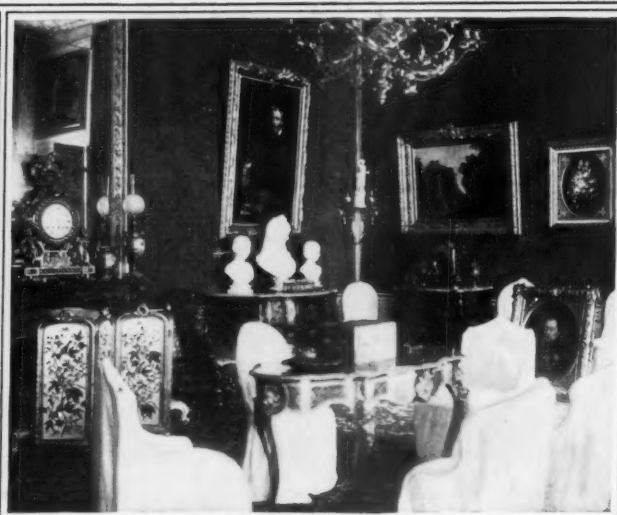
MR. W. T. STEAD, IN HIS WORK-ROOM AT THE VILLA "PAX INTRANSITIBUS," NEAR SCHEVENINGEN

THE "LITTLE SIDE DOOR" OF THE HAGUE PALACE, WHERE THE COMMITTEE ENTERS

BARON DE STAAL LEAVING THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD AFTER THE SITTING OF MAY 20

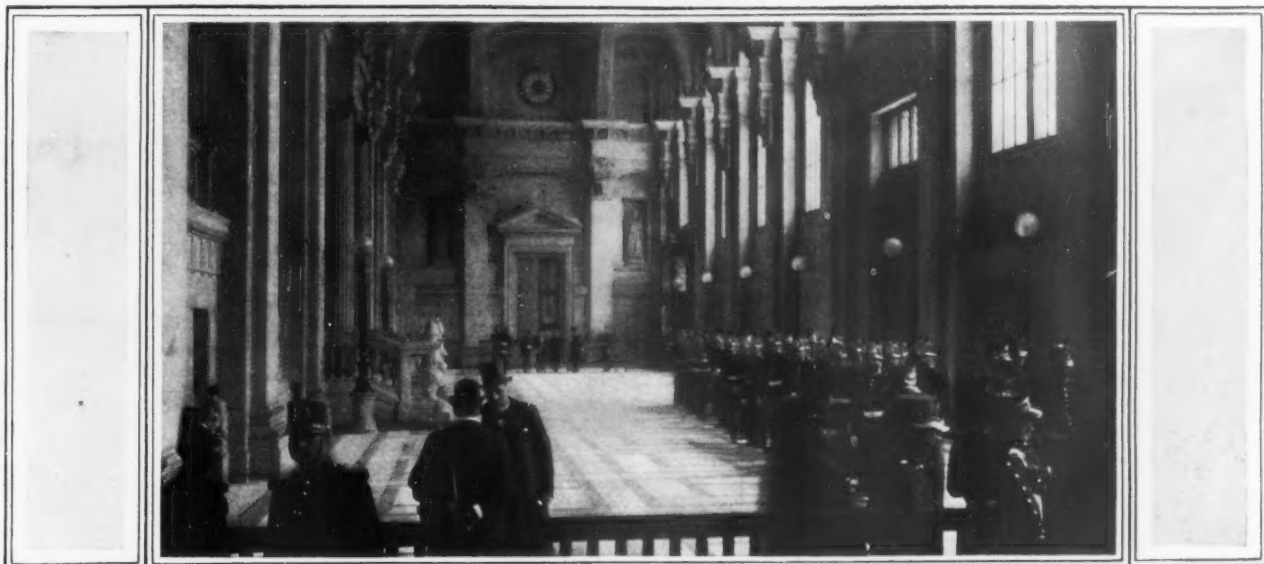


THE CHINESE DELEGATES ARRIVING IN TIME FOR THE SECOND SESSION

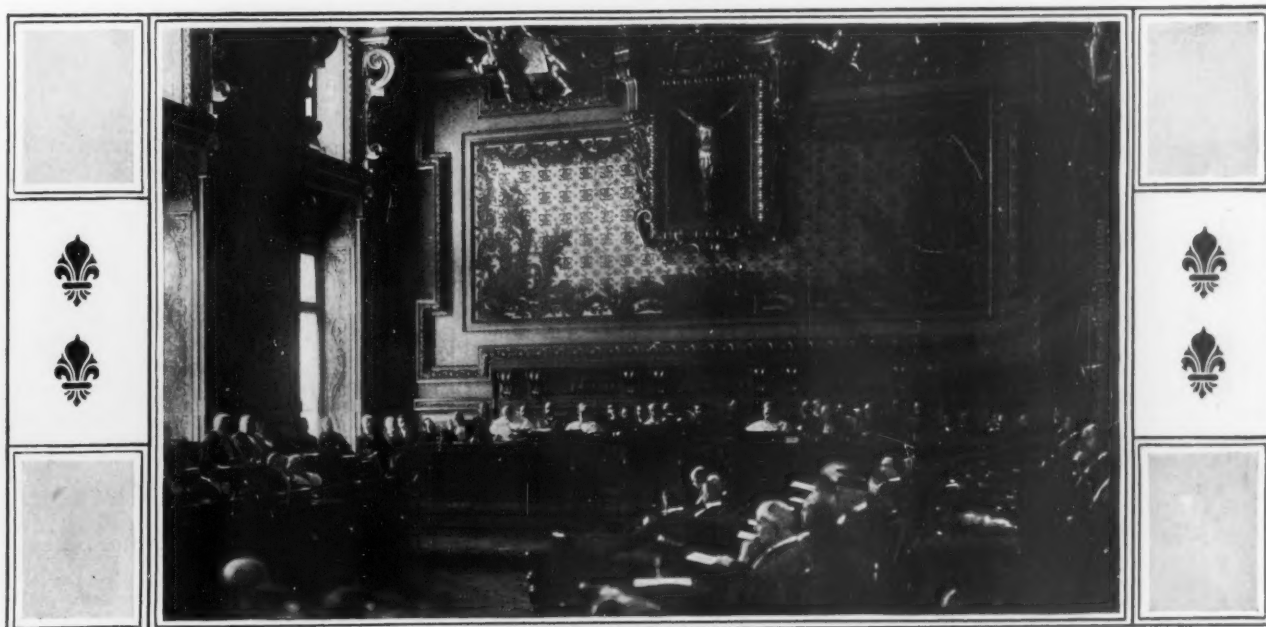


ONE OF THE RECEPTION ROOMS IN THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF



THE WELL-KNOWN ANTE-ROOM, "SALLE DES PAS PERDUS" (PLACE OF THE LOST FOOTSTEPS), BEING OCCUPIED BY THE MILITARY MONDAY MORNING. THE DIRECTOR OF THE MUNICIPAL POLICE IS SEEN IN TOP HAT REFUSING ADMISSION TO A JOURNALISTIC PHOTOGRAPHER



THE COURT OF CASSATION LISTENING TO THE REPORT FAVORING THE REVISION OF THE DREYFUS CASE. M. BALLOT-BEAUPRE IS SEEN NEAR LEFT-HAND CORNER BENDING OVER AND READING FROM MANUSCRIPT. THE ONLY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SITTING IN EXISTENCE

THE LATEST SENSATION IN THE DREYFUS CASE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF

culty in attracting even the most exalted personages of the congress met to her table and "salon."

Another interesting little woman is Frau Professorin Selenka of Munich, the spouse of one of the leading professors of the university of that town. She was one of the many women carried away with enthusiasm by the perspective opened up by the Czar's rescript, and, having ample means at her disposal, she decided to throw herself into the fight for the good cause. It was she who, with the aid of various peace organizations, organized numerous peace meetings all over Germany some months ago, but her efforts to secure co-operation abroad met with poor success. About three months ago she conceived the idea of organizing feminine mass meetings indorsing the rescript to be held on a given date in all the large cities of the world. It was this plan which was successfully carried out on the 15th inst. Already the next day telegrams began arriving at her hotel, containing the resolutions voted on and passed. In three days three hundred despatches were delivered to her; at the end of five days the number exceeded four hundred, representing as many meetings, with an aggregate attendance of a million women. Yesterday Madame Selenka presented these despatches, bound in a handsome album, to Baron de Staal. It was a great triumph for the Frau Professorin, and a subject of intense satisfaction to the baron.

Of the men here who represent either themselves or some society, there are four particularly worthy of

mention, to wit: W. T. Stead of the London "Review of Reviews," Baron Jean de Bloch, author of "War" in six volumes, Felix Moscheles, and Dr. Benjamin Trueblood, Secretary of the American Peace Society. Stead appears to be quite a power behind the throne. I was standing in the doorway of the Hotel Vieux Doelen when he arrived to present his respects to Baron de Staal the day before the Conference opened. Several people of prominence had just been turned away, but Stead's card proved an "open sesame" for him. He was at once admitted. It should be added that he had just arrived from St. Petersburg, where he had been interviewing the Czar, which makes twice within a twelvemonth. That, of course, explains everything. The editor of the "Review of Reviews" is occupying a cottage appropriately named "Pax Intransitibus," near the village of Schevevingen, and is working like a beaver on a half dozen schemes in connection with the Conference. He is a man of many ideas, very much more American in style and methods than English. I wonder what new surprise he reserves for us.

Jean de Bloch, baron and Privy Councillor of the Russian empire, is, or has been, a Warsaw banker. Just at present he might be more properly called the man with a fad. The fad is, however, harmless, if not actually beneficent; and, as he is reputed to be worth five million rubles, he can well afford to indulge it. It must have cost him a pretty sum already,

this ponderous work, judging by the numerous volumes he has issued at his own expense, for I cannot imagine for a moment that more than ten copies could have found bona fide purchasers. In return for this expenditure, Baron de Bloch has acquired the glory of being called the Father of the Peace Conference, the story being that it was a perusal of these volumes that inspired the young Czar to issue his manifesto. It is to the baron's credit that he does not make any claim of this sort himself. But he is, all the same, exceedingly proud of his work.

Felix Moscheles, the son of the distinguished German composer and pianist of the same name, represents at The Hague the International Arbitration and Peace Association, of which he is chairman. Moscheles is a noted portrait painter himself, and a writer whose reminiscences and autobiography have excited favorable comment in both hemispheres.

In conclusion, let me say that the arrival here of America's representative, Dr. Trueblood, was hailed with delight by all the workers in the cause of peace. Dr. Trueblood has acquired an international reputation not alone as an earnest worker in the good cause, but as an eloquent speaker and able writer. His statement that the peace sentiment was slowly but surely gaining the upper hand at home appeared to give considerable satisfaction, in view of the general impression existing here in Europe that "the Yankees are spoiling for another fight."

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

THE VACANT COUNTRY By H. G. WELLS

• • • AUTHOR OF "THE WAR OF THE WORLDS," "WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES," ETC., ETC. • • •



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER

THEY MET ONE DAY IN A LITTLE SEAT IN A FAVORITE CORNER

THE WORLD, they say, changed more between the year 1800 and the year 1900 than it had done in the previous five hundred years. That century, the nineteenth century, was the dawn of a new epoch in the history of mankind—the epoch of the great cities, the end of the old order of country life.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century the majority of mankind still lived upon the countryside, as their way of life had been for countless generations. All over the world they dwelt in little towns and villages then, and engaged either directly in agriculture, or in occupations that were of service to the agriculturist. They travelled rarely, and dwelt close to their work, because swift means of transit had not yet come. The few who travelled went either on foot, or in slow sailing-ships, or by means of jogging horses incapable of more than sixty miles a day. Think of it!—sixty miles a day. Here and there, in those sluggish times, a town grew a little larger than its neighbors, as a port or as a centre of government; but all the towns in the world with more than a hundred thousand inhabitants could be counted on a man's fingers. So it was in the beginning of the nineteenth century. By the end, the invention of railways, telegraphs, steamships, and complex agricultural machinery, had changed all these things; changed them beyond all hope of return. The vast shops, the varied pleasures, the countless conveniences of the larger towns were suddenly possible, and no sooner existed than they were brought into competition with the homely resources of the rural centres. Mankind were drawn to the cities by an overwhelming attraction. The demand for labor fell with the increase of machinery, the local markets were entirely superseded, and there was a rapid growth of the larger centres at the expense of the open country.

The flow of population toward was the constant preoccupation of Victorian writers. In Great Britain and New England, in India and China, the same thing was remarked: everywhere a few swollen towns were visibly replacing the ancient order. That this was an inevitable result of improved means of travel and transport—that, given swift means of transit, these things must be—was realized by few; and the most puerile schemes were devised to overcome the mysterious magnetism of the urban centres, and keep the people on the land.

Yet the developments of the nineteenth century were only the dawning of the new order. The first great cities of the new time were horribly inconvenient, darkened by smoky fogs, unsanitary and noisy; but the discovery of new methods of building, new methods of heating, changed all this. Between 1900 and 2000 the march of change was still more rapid; and between 2000 and 2100 the continually accelerated progress of human invention made the reign of Victoria the Good seem at last an almost incredible vision of idyllic tranquil days.

The introduction of railways was only the first step in that development of those means of locomotion which finally revolutionized human life. By the year 2000 railways and roads had vanished together. The railways, robbed of their rails, had become weedy ridges and ditches upon the face of the world; the old roads, strange barbaric tracks of flint and soil, hammered by hand or rolled by rough iron rollers, strewn with miscellaneous filth, and cut by iron hoofs and wheels into ruts and puddles often many inches deep, had been replaced by patent tracks made of a substance called Eadhamite. This Eadhamite—it was named after its patentee—ranks with the invention of printing and steam as one of the epoch-making discoveries of the world's history.

When Eadham discovered the substance, he probably thought of it as a mere cheap substitute for India-rubber; it cost a few shillings a ton. But you can never tell all an invention will do. It was the genius of a man named Warming that pointed to the possibility of using it, not only for the tires of wheels, but as a road substance, and who organized the enormous network of public ways that speedily covered the world.

These public ways were made with longitudinal divisions. On the outer on either side went foot cyclists and conveyances travelling at a less speed than twenty-five miles an hour; in the middle, motors capable of speed up to a hundred; and the inner, Warming (in the face of enormous ridicule) reserved for vehicles travelling at speeds of a hundred miles an hour and upward.

For ten years his inner ways were vacant. Before he died they were the most crowded of all, and vast light frameworks with wheels of twenty and thirty feet in diameter, hurled along them at paces that year after year rose steadily toward two hundred miles an hour. And by the time this revolution was accomplished, a parallel revolution had transformed the ever-growing cities. Before the development of practical science the fogs and filth of Victorian times vanished. Electric heating replaced fires (in 2013 the lighting of a fire that did not absolutely consume its own smoke was made an indictable nuisance), and all the city ways, all public squares and places, were covered in with a recently invented glass-like substance. The roofing of London

became practically continuous. Certain short-sighted and foolish legislation against tall buildings was abolished, and London, from a squat expanse of petty houses—feebly archaic in design—rose steadily toward the sky. To the municipal responsibility for water, light, and drainage, was added another, and that was ventilation.

But to tell of all the changes in human convenience that these two hundred years brought about, to tell of the long foreseen invention of flying, to describe how life in households was steadily supplanted by life in interminable hotels, how at last even those who were still concerned in agricultural work came to live in the towns and to go to and fro to their work every day, to describe how at last in all England only four towns remained, each with many millions of people, and how there were left no inhabited houses in all the countryside: to tell all this would need a big book. And this is not a book, but only a short story about two human beings whose petty comedy of joy and sorrow was played out amid the conditions of that great age. They were two young people who had found that an ancient proverb of the course of true love still held true. They had been separated and reunited, and still they could not marry. For Denton—it was his only fault—had no money. Neither had Elizabeth until she was twenty-one, and as yet she was only eighteen. At twenty-one all the property of her mother would come to her, for that was the custom of the time. She did not know that it was possible to anticipate her fortune, and Denton was far too delicate a lover to suggest such a thing. So things stuck hopelessly between them. Elizabeth said that she was very unhappy, and that nobody understood her but Denton, and that when she was away from him she was wretched; and Denton said that his heart longed for her day and night. And they met as often as they could to enjoy the discussion of their sorrows.

They met one day at a little seat in a favorite corner upon his flying stage. The precise site of this meeting was where in Victorian times the road from Wimbledon came out upon the common. They were, however, five hundred feet above that point.

The flying stage was a huge fabric of interlacing girders rising to that height, and having a vast superficial area to receive the descending impact of the flying machines. It bore gigantic carriers on rails by which these inventions were flung into the air again. Their seat was in an unfrequented recess beneath the level of the upper surface, and it looked far over London. To convey the appearance of it all to a nineteenth-century reader would have been difficult. One would have had to tell him to think of the Crystal Palace, of the newly built "mammoth" hotels—as those little affairs were called—of the larger railway stations of his time, and to imagine such buildings enlarged to vast proportions and run together and continuous over the whole metropolitan area. If then he was told that this continuous roof-space bore a huge forest of rotating wind-wheels, he would have begun very dimly to appreciate what to these young people was the commonest sight in their lives.

To their eyes it had something of the quality of a prison, and they were talking, as they had talked a hundred times before, of how they might escape from it and be at last happy together: escape from it, that is, before the appointed three years were at an end. It was, they both agreed, not only impossible, but almost wicked, to wait three years. "Before that," said Denton—and the notes of his voice told of a splendid chest—"we might both be dead!"

Their vigorous young hands had to grip at this, and then Elizabeth had a still more poignant thought that brought the tears from her wholesome eyes and down her healthy cheeks. "One of us," she said, "one of us might be—"

She choked; she could not say the word that is so terrible to the young and happy.

Yet to marry and be very poor in the cities of that time was—for any one who had lived pleasantly—a very dreadful thing. In the old agricultural days that had drawn to an end in the eighteenth century there had been a pretty proverb of love in a cottage; and indeed in those days the poor of the countryside had dwelt in flower-covered, diamond-windowed cottages of thatch and plaster, with the sweet air and earth about them, amid tangled hedges and the song of birds, and with the ever-changing sky overhead. But all this had changed (the change was already beginning in the nineteenth century), and a new sort of life was opening for the poor—in the lower quarters of the city.

In the nineteenth century the lower quarters were still beneath the sky; they were areas of land on clay or other unsuitable soil, liable to floods or exposed to the smoke of more fortunate districts, insufficiently supplied with water, and as unsanitary as the great fear of infectious diseases felt by the wealthier classes permitted. In the twenty-second century, however, the growth of the city, story above story, and the coalescence of buildings, had led to a different arrangement. The prosperous people lived in a vast series of sumptuous hotels in the upper stories and halls of the city fabric; the industrial population dwelt beneath in the tremendous ground-floor and basement, so to speak, of the place.

In the refinement of life and manners these lower classes differed little from their ancestors, the East-enders of Queen Victoria's time; but they had developed a distinct dialect of their own. In these underways they lived and died, rarely ascending to the surface except when work took them there. Since for most of them this was the sort of life to which they had been born, they found no great misery in such circumstances; but for people like Denton and Elizabeth, such a plunge would have seemed more terrible than death.

"And yet what else is there?" asked Elizabeth.

Denton professed not to know. Apart from his own feeling of delicacy, he was not sure how Elizabeth

would like the idea of borrowing on the strength of her expectations.

The passage from London to Paris even, said Elizabeth, was beyond their means; and in Paris, as in any other city in the world, life would be just as costly and impossible as in London.

Well might Denton cry aloud: "If only we had lived in those days, dearest! If only we had lived in the past!" For to their eyes even nineteenth-century Whitechapel was seen through a mist of romance.

"Is there nothing?" cried Elizabeth, suddenly weeping. "Must we really wait for those three long years? Fancy three years—six-and-thirty months!" The human capacity for patience had not grown with the ages.

Then suddenly Denton was moved to speak of something that had already flickered across his mind. He had hit upon it at last. "It seemed to him so wild a suggestion that he made it only half seriously. But to put a thing into words has ever a way of making it seem more real and possible than it seemed before. And so it was with him.

"Suppose," he said, "we went into the country?"

She looked at him to see if he was serious in proposing such an adventure.

"The country?"

"Yes—beyond there. Beyond the hills."

"How could we live?" she said. "Where could we live?"

"It is not impossible," he said. "People used to live in the country."

"But then there were houses."

"There are the ruins of villages and towns now. On the clay lands they are gone, of course. But they are still left on the grazing land, because it does not pay the Food Company to remove them. I know that—for certain. Besides, one sees them from the flying machines, you know. Well, we might shelter in some one of these, and repair it with our hands. Do you know, the thing is not so wild as it seems. Some of the men who go out every day to look after the crops and herds might be paid to bring us food."

She stood in front of him. "How strange it would be if one really could . . ."

"Why not?"

"But no one dares."

"That is no reason."

"It would be—oh! it would be so romantic and strange. If only it were possible."

"Why not possible?"

"There are so many things. Think of all the things we have, things that we should miss."

"Should we miss them? After all, the life we lead is very unreal—very artificial." He began to expand his idea; and as he warmed to his exposition the fantastic quality of his first proposal faded away.

She thought, "But I have heard of prowlers—escaped criminals."

He nodded. He hesitated over his answer because he thought it sounded boyish. He blushed. "I could get some one I know to make me a sword."

She looked at him with enthusiasm growing in her eyes. She had heard of swords, had seen one in a museum; she thought of those ancient days when men wore them as a common thing. His suggestion seemed an impossible dream to her, and perhaps for that reason she was eager for more detail. And inventing for the most part as he went along, he told her how they might live in the country as the old-world people had done. With every detail her interest grew, for she was one of those girls for whom romance and adventure have a fascination.

His suggestion seemed, I say, an impossible dream to her on that day, but the next day they talked about it again, and it was strangely less impossible.

"At first we should take food," said Denton. "We could carry food for ten or twelve days." It was an age of compact artificial nourishment, and such a provision had none of the unwieldy suggestion it would have had in the nineteenth century.

"But—until our house," she asked—"until it was ready, where should we sleep?"

"It is summer."

"But . . . What do you mean?"

"There was a time when there were no houses in the world; when all mankind slept always in the open air."

"But for us! The emptiness! No walls—no ceiling!"

"Dear," he said, "in London you have many beautiful ceilings. Artists paint them and stud them with lights. But I have seen a ceiling more beautiful than any in London . . ."

"But where?"

"It is the ceiling under which we two would be alone . . ."

"You mean . . .?"

"Dear," he said, "it is something the world has forgotten. It is Heaven and all the host of stars."

Each time they talked the thing seemed more possible and more desirable to them. In a week or so it was quite possible. Another week, and it was the inevitable thing they had to do. A great enthusiasm for the country seized hold of them and possessed them. The sordid tumult of the town, they said, overwhelmed them. They marvelled at this simple way out of their troubles had never come upon them before.

One morning near Midsummer-day, there was a new minor official upon the flying stage, and Denton's place was to know him no more.

Our two young people had secretly married, and were going forth manfully out of the city in which they and their ancestors before them had lived all their days. She wore a new dress of white cut in an old fashioned pattern, and he had a bundle of provisions strapped athwart his back, and in his hand he carried—rather shame-facely it is true, and under his purple cloak—an implement of archaic form, a cross-hilted thing of tempered steel.

Imagine that going forth! In their days the sprawling suburbs of Victorian times with their vile roads, petty houses, foolish little gardens of shrub and geranium, and all their futile, pretentious privacies, had disappeared: the towering buildings of the new age, the mechanical ways, the electric and water mains, all came to an end together, like a wall, like a cliff, near four hundred feet in height, abrupt and sheer. All about the city spread the carrot, swede, and turnip fields of the Food Company, vegetables that were the basis of a thousand varied foods, and weeds and hedge-row tangles had been utterly extirpated. The incessant expense of weeding that went on year after year in the petty, wasteful and barbaric farming of the ancient days, the Food Company had economized forevermore by a campaign of extermination. Here and there, however, neat rows of bramble standards and apple trees with whitewashed stems, intersected the fields, and at places groups of gigantic teasels reared their favored spikes. Here and there huge agricultural machines lunched under waterproof covers. The mingled waters of the Wey and Mole and Wandie ran in rectangular channels; and wherever a gentle elevation of the ground permitted a fountain of deodorized sewage distributed its benefits athwart the land and made a rainbow of the sunlight.

By a great archway in that enormous city wall emerged the Eadhamite road to Portsmouth, swarming in the morning sunshine with an enormous traffic bearing the blue-clad servants of the Food Company to their toil. A rushing traffic, beside which they seemed two scarce-moving dots. Along the outer tracks hummed and rattled the tardy little old-fashioned motors of such as had duties within twenty miles or so of the city; the inner ways were filled with vaster mechanisms—swift monocytes bearing a score of men, lank multicycles, quadricycles sagging with heavy loads, empty gigantic produce carts that would come back again filled before the sun was setting, all with throbbing engines and noiseless wheels and a perpetual wild melody of horns and gongs.

Along the very verge of the outermost way our young people went in silence, newly wed and oddly shy of one another's company. Many were the things shouted to them as they tramped along, for in 2100 a foot-passenger on an English road was almost as strange a sight as a motor car would have been in 1800. But they went on with steadfast eyes into the country, paying no heed to such cries.

Before them in the south rose the Downs, blue at first, and, as they came nearer, changing to green, surmounted by the row of gigantic wind-wheels that supplemented the wind-wheels upon the roof-spaces of the city, and broken and restless with the long morning shadows of those whirling vanes. By midday they had come so near that they could see here and there little patches of pallid dots—the sheep the Meat Department of the Food Company owned. In another hour they had passed the clay and the root crops and the single fence that hedged them in, and the prohibition against trespass no longer held; the levelled roadway plunged into a cutting with all its traffic, and they could leave it and walk over the greensward and up the open hillside.

Never had these children of the latter days been together in such a lonely place.

They were both very hungry and footsore—for walking was a rare exercise—and presently they sat down on the weedless, close-cropped grass, and looked back for the first time at the city from which they had come, shining wide and splendid in the blue haze of the valley of the Thames. Elizabeth was a little afraid of the unenclosed sheep away up the slope—she had never been near big unrestrained animals before—but Denton reassured her. And overhead a white-winged bird circled in the blue.

They talked but little until they had eaten, and then their tongues were loosened. He spoke of the happiness that was now certainly theirs, of the folly of not breaking sooner out of that magnificent prison of latter-day life, of the old romantic days that had passed from the world forever. And then he became boastful. He took up the sword that lay on the ground beside him, and she took it from his hand and ran a tremulous finger along the blade.

"And you could," she said, "you could raise this and strike a man?"

"Why not? If there were need."

"But," she said, "it seems so horrible. It would slash . . . There would be"—her voice sank—"blood."

"In the old romances you have read often enough—" "Oh, I know: in those—yes. But that is different. One knows it is not blood, but just a sort of red ink. . . . And you—killing!"

She looked at him doubtfully, and then handed him back the sword.

After they had rested and eaten, they rose up and went on their way toward the hills. They passed quite close to a huge flock of sheep, who stared and bleated at their unaccustomed figures. She had never seen sheep before, and she shivered to think such gentle things must needs be slain for food. A sheep-dog barked at them from a distance, and then a shepherd appeared amid the supports of the wind-wheels, and came down toward them.

When he drew near he called out to them, asking them whether they were going.

Denton hesitated, and told him briefly that they sought some ruined house among the Downs, in which they might live together. He tried to speak in an off-hand manner, as though it was a usual thing to do. The man stared incredulously.

"Have you done anything?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Denton. "Only we don't want to live in a city any longer. Why should we live in cities?"

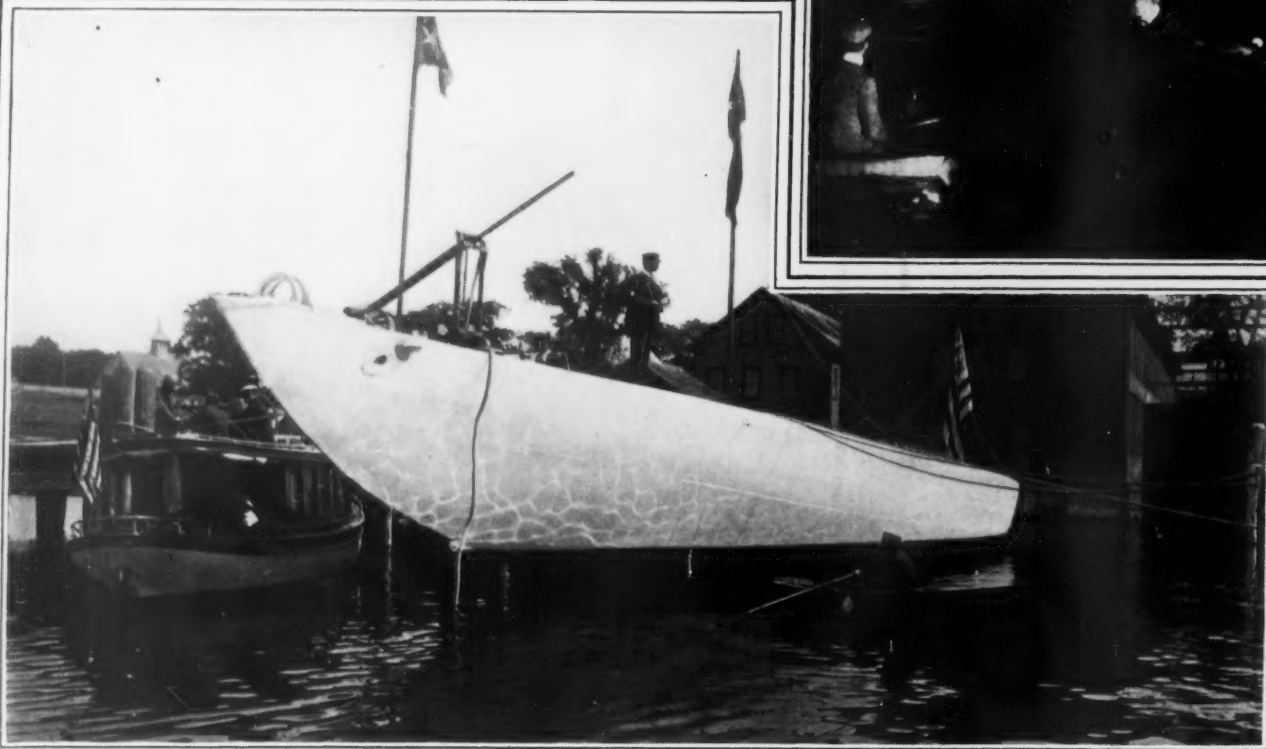
The shepherd stared more incredulously than ever. "You can't live here," he said.



THE COLUMBIA IN THE SHED, PREVIOUS TO THE LAUNCH



THE OLD RACER DEFENDER ON HER WAY TO THE LAUNCH OF THE COLUMBIA



CAPTAIN BARR ON THE DECK OF THE COLUMBIA



THE CREW OF THE CO



A FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LAUNCH OF THE COLUMBIA



THE COLUMBIA'S DIMENSIONS

Length over all	131 feet
On water line	90 feet
Beam	24 feet
Draught	20 feet
Water line to planksheer	4 feet
Depth from planksheer to keel bottom	24 feet

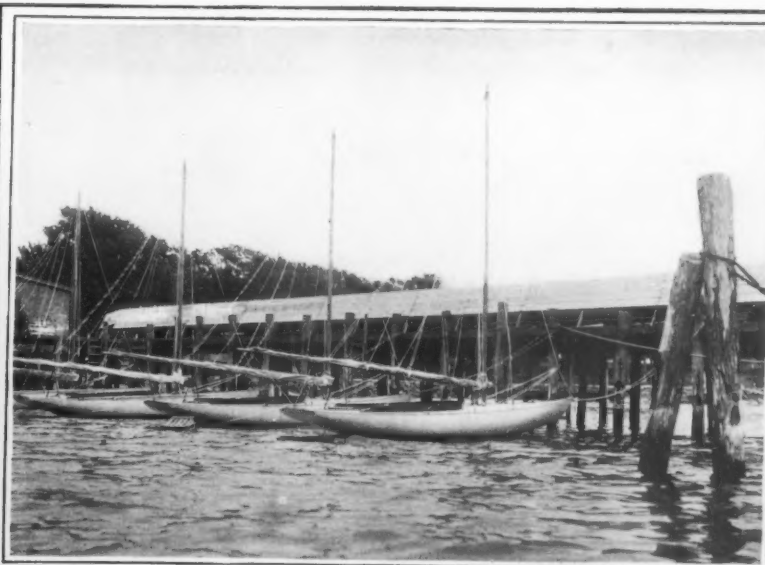
THE LAUNCH OF THE

THE NEW FIN-KEEL RACING YACHT COLUMBIA, WHICH WAS BUILT TO DEFEND THE AMERICA'S CUP AGAINST THE ENGLISH YACHT AS DARKNESS HAD SET IN WHEN THE SHORES WERE KNOCKED AWAY, THIS REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH

PICTURES BY JAMES H. HARE STAFF PH



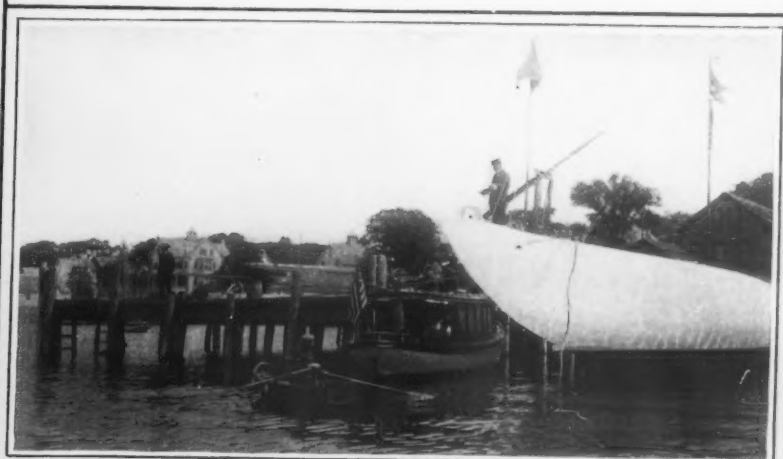
CREW OF THE COLUMBIA



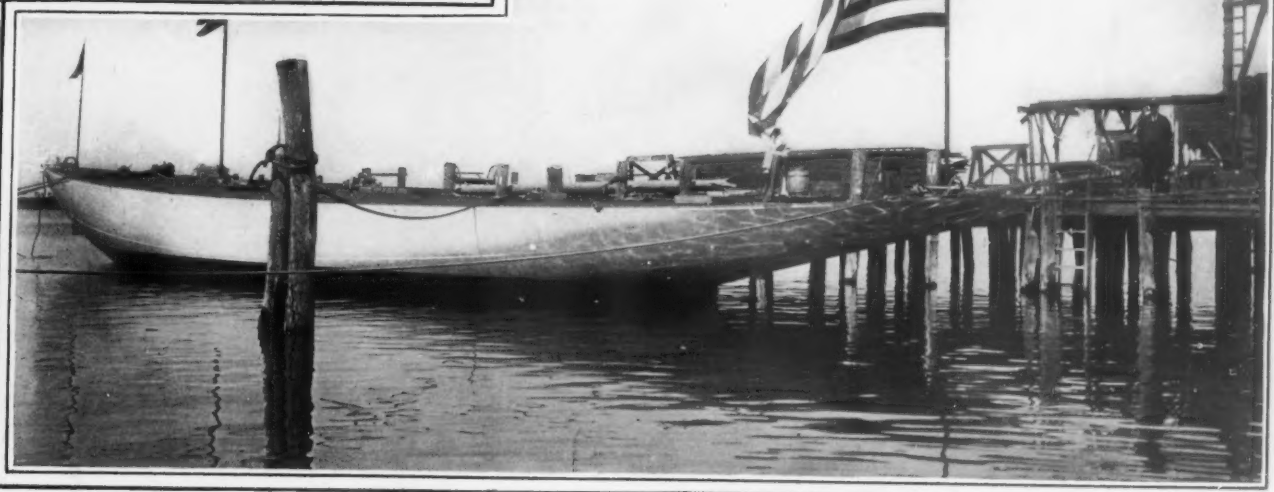
A LINE OF CATBOATS AT THE HERRESHOFF WORKS



RIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE
OF THE COLUMBIA



THE BOW OF THE COLUMBIA AS SHE FLOATED IN
THE SLIP



STERN VIEW OF THE COLUMBIA, SHOWING HER TREMENDOUS OVERHANG

COLUMBIA'S DIMENSIONS
 131 feet
 90 feet
 24 feet 2 inches
 20 feet
 4 feet
 24 feet

OF THE COLUMBIA

ENGLISH YACHT SHAMROCK, WAS LAUNCHED AT THE HERRESHOFF WORKS, BRISTOL, R. I., AT 8.15 ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 10.
 PHOTOGRAPH WAS SECURED UNDER DIFFICULTIES THAT APPEARED AT THE TIME INSURMOUNTABLE

HARE STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

"We mean to try."

The shepherd stared from one to the other. "You'll go back to-morrow," he said. "It looks pleasant enough in the sunlight. . . . Are you sure you've done nothing? We shepherds are not such great friends of the police."

Denton looked at him steadfastly. "No," he said. "But we are too poor to live in the city, and we can't bear the thought of wearing clothes of blue canvas and doing drudgery. We are going to live a simple life here, like the people of old."

The shepherd was a bearded man with a thoughtful face. He glanced at Elizabeth's fragile beauty.

"They had simple minds," he said.

"So have we," said Denton.

The shepherd smiled.

"If you go along here," he said, "along the crest beneath the wind-wheels, you will see a heap of mounds and ruins on your right-hand side. That was once a town called Epsom. There are no houses there, and the bricks have been used for a sheep pen. Go on, and another heap on the edge of the roof-land is Leather-head; and then the hill turns away along the border of a valley, and there are woods of beech. Keep along the crest. You will come to quite wild places. In some parts, in spite of all the weeding that is done, ferns and bluebells and other such useless plants are growing still. And through it all underneath the wind-wheels runs a straight lane paved with stones, a roadway of the Romans two thousand years old. Go to the right of that, down into the valley and follow it along by the banks of the river. You come presently to a street of houses, many with the roofs still sound upon them. There you may find shelter."

They thanked him.

"But it's a quiet place. There is no light after dark there, and I have heard tell of robbers. It is lonely. Nothing happens there. The phonographs of the story-tellers, the kinematograph entertainments, the new machines—none of them are to be found there. If you are hungry there is no food, if you are ill no doctor. . . . He stopped.

"We shall try it," said Denton, moving to go on. Then a thought struck him, and he made an agreement with the shepherd, and learned where they might find him, to buy and bring them anything of which they stood in need, out of the city.

And in the evening they came to the deserted village, with its houses that seemed so small and odd to them; they found it golden in the glory of the sunset, and desolate and still. They went from one deserted house to another, marvelling at their quaint simplicity, and debating which they should choose. And at last, in a small corner of a room that had lost its outer wall, they came upon a wild flower, a little flower of blue that the weeder of the Food Company had overlooked.

That house they decided upon; but they did not remain in it long that night, because they were resolved to feast upon nature. And, moreover, the houses became very gaunt and shadowy after the sunlight had faded out of the sky. So after they had rested a little time they went to the crest of the hill again to see with their own eyes the silence of heaven set with stars, about which the old poets had had so many things to tell. It was a wonderful sight, and Denton talked like the stars, and when they went down the hill at last the sky was pale with dawn. They slept but little, and in the morning when they woke a thrush was singing in a tree.

So these young people of the twenty-second century began their exile. That morning they were very busy exploring the resources of this new home in which they were going to live the simple life. They did not explore very fast or very far, because they went everywhere hand-in-hand; but they found the beginnings of some furniture. Beyond the village was a store of winter fodder for the sheep of the Food Company, and Denton dragged great armfuls to the house to make a bed; and in several of the houses were old fungus-eaten chairs and tables—rough, barbaric, clumsy furniture, it seemed to them, and made of wood. They repeated many of the things they had said on the previous day, and toward evening they found another flower, a harebell. In the late afternoon some Company shepherds went down the river valley riding on a big multi-cycle; but they hid from them, because their presence, Elizabeth said, seemed to spoil the romance of this old-world place altogether.

In this fashion they lived a week. For all that week the days were cloudless, and the nights nights of starry glory, that were invaded each night a little more by a crescent moon.

Yet something of the first splendor of their coming faded—faded imperceptibly day after day; Denton's eloquence became fitful, and lacked fresh topics of inspiration; the fatigue of their long march from London told in a certain stiffness of the limbs, and each suffered from a slight unaccountable cold. Moreover, Denton became aware of unoccupied time. In one place among the carelessly heaped lumber of the old times he found a rust-eaten spade, and with this he made a fitful attack on the razed and grass-grown garden—though he had nothing to plant or sow. He returned to Elizabeth with a sweat streaming face, after half an hour of such work.

"There were giants in those days," he said, not understanding what went and training will do. And their walk that day led them along the hills until they could see the city shimmering far away in the valley. "I wonder how things are going on there," he said.

And then came a change in the weather. "Come out and see the clouds," she cried; and behold! they were a sombre purple in the north and east, streaming up to ragged edges at the zenith. And as they went up the hill these hurrying streamers blotted out the sunset. Suddenly the wind set the beech trees swaying and whispering, and Elizabeth shivered. And then far away the lightning flashed, flashed like a sword that

is drawn suddenly, and the distant thunder marched about the sky, and even as they stood astonished, pattering upon them came the first headlong raindrops of the storm. In an instant the last streak of sunset was hidden by a falling curtain of hail, and the lightning flashed again, and the voice of the thunder roared louder, and all about them the world scowled dark and strange.

Seizing hands, these children of the city ran down the hill to their home, in infinite astonishment. And ere they reached it, Elizabeth was weeping with dismay, and the darkling ground about them was white and brittle and active with the pelting hail.

Then began a strange and terrible night for them. For the first time in their civilized lives they were in absolute darkness; they were wet and cold and shivering, all about them hissed the hail, and through the long-neglected ceilings of the derelict home came noisy spouts of water and formed pools and rivulets on the creaking floors. As the gusts of the storm struck the worn-out building, it groaned and shuddered, and now a mass of plaster from the wall would slide and smash, and now some loosened tile would rattle down the roof and crash into the empty greenhouse below. Elizabeth shuddered and was still; Denton wrapped his gay and flimsy city cloak about her, and so they crouched in the darkness. And ever the thunder broke louder and nearer, and ever more lurid flashed the lightning, jerking in to a momentary gaunt clearness the steaming, dripping room in which they sheltered.

Never before had they been in the open air save when the sun was shining. All their time had been spent in the warm and airy ways and halls and rooms of the later-day city. It was to them that night as if they were in some other world, some disordered chaos of stress and tumult, and almost beyond hoping that they should ever see the city ways again.

The storm seemed to last interminably, until at last they dozed between the thunderclaps, and then very swiftly it fell and ceased. And as the last patter of the rain died away they heard an unfamiliar sound.

"What is that?" cried Elizabeth.

It came again. It was the barking of dogs. It drove down the desert lane and passed; and through the window, whitening the wall before them and throwing upon it the shadow of the window-frame and of a tree in black silhouette, shone the light of the waxing moon. . . .

Just as the pale dawn was drawing the things about them into sight, the fitful barking of dogs came near again, and stopped. They listened. After a pause they heard the quick pattering of feet seeking round the house, and short, half-smothered barks. Then again everything was still.

"Shh!" whispered Elizabeth, and pointed to the door of their room.

Denton went half-way toward the door, and stood listening. He came back with a face of affected unconcern. "They must be the sheep-dogs of the Food Company," he said. "They will do us no harm."

He sat down again beside her. "What a night it has been!" he said, to hide how keenly he was listening.

"I don't like dogs," answered Elizabeth, after a long silence.

"Dogs never hurt any one," said Denton. "In the old days—in the nineteenth century—everybody had a dog."

"There was a romance I heard once. A dog killed a man."

"Not this sort of dog," said Denton confidently. "Some of those romances—are exaggerated."

Suddenly a half bark and a pattering up the staircase; the sound of panting. Denton sprang to his feet and drew the sword out of the damp straw upon which they had been lying. Then in the doorway appeared a gaunt sheep-dog, and halted there. Behind it stared another. For an instant man and dogs faced each other, hesitating.

Then Denton, being ignorant of dogs, made a sharp step forward. "Go away," he said, with a clumsy motion of his sword.

The dog started and growled. Denton stopped sharply. "Good dog!" he said.

The growling jerked into a bark.

"Good dog!" said Denton. The second dog growled and barked. A third dog out of sight down the staircase took up the barking also. Outside other dogs gave tongue—a large number it seemed to Denton.

"This is annoying," said Denton, without taking his eye off the brutes before him. "Of course the shepherds won't come out of the city for hours yet. Naturally these dogs don't quite make us out."

"I can't hear," shouted Elizabeth. She stood up and came to him.

Denton tried again, but the barking still drowned his voice. The sound had a curious effect upon his blood. Odd disused emotions began to stir; his face changed as he shouted. He tried again; the barking seemed to mock him, and one dog danced a pace forward, bristling. Suddenly he turned, and uttering certain words in the dialect of the underways, words incomprehensible to Elizabeth, he made for the dogs. There was a sudden cessation of the barking, a growl and a snapping. Elizabeth saw the snarling head of the foremost dog, its white teeth and retracted ears, and the flash of the thrust blade. The brute leaped into the air and was flung back.

Then Denton, with a shout, was driving the dogs before him. The sword flashed above his head with a sudden new freedom of gesture, and then he vanished down the staircase. She made six steps to follow him, and on the landing there was blood. She stopped, and hearing the tumult of dogs and Denton's shouts pass out of the house, ran to the window.

Nine wolfish sheep-dogs were scattering, one writhed before the porch; and Denton, tasting that strange delight of combat that slumbers still in the blood of even the most civilized man, was shouting and running across

the garden space. And then she saw something that for a moment he did not see. The dogs circled round this way and that, and came again. They had him in the open.

In an instant she divined the situation. She would have called to him. For a moment she felt sick and helpless, and then, obeying a strange impulse, she gathered up her white skirt and ran downstairs. In the hall was the rusting spade. That was it! She seized it and ran out.

She came none too soon. One dog rolled before him, wellnigh slashed in half; but a second had him by the thigh, a third gripped his collar behind, and a fourth had the blade of the sword between its teeth, tasting its own blood. He parried the leap of a fifth with his left arm.

It might have been the first century instead of the twenty-second, so far as she was concerned. All the gentleness of her eighteen years of city life vanished before this primordial need. The spade smote hard and sure, and cleft a dog's skull. Another, crouching for a spring, yelped with dismay at this unexpected antagonist, and rushed aside. Two wasted precious moments on the binding of a feminine skirt.

The collar of Denton's cloak tore and parted as he staggered back; and that dog too felt the spade, and ceased to trouble him. He sheathed his sword in the brute at his thigh.

"To the wall!" cried Elizabeth; and in three seconds the fight was at an end, and our young people stood side by side, while a remnant of five dogs, with ears and tails of disaster, fled shamefully from the stricken field.

For a moment they stood panting and victorious, and then Elizabeth, dropping her spade, covered her face, and sank to the ground in a paroxysm of weeping. Denton looked about him, thrust the point of his sword into the ground so that it was at hand, and stooped to comfort her.

At last their more tumultuous emotions subsided, and they could talk again. She leaned upon the wall, and he sat upon it so that he could keep an eye open for any returning dogs. Two, at any rate, were up on the hill-side and keeping up a vexatious barking.

She was tear-stained, but not very wretched now, because for half an hour he had been repeating that she was brave and had saved his life. But a new fear was growing in her mind.

"They are the dogs of the Food Company," she said.

"There will be trouble."

"I am afraid so. Very likely they will prosecute us for trespass."

A pause.

"In the old times," he said, "this sort of thing happened day after day."

"Last night!" she said. "I could not live through another such night."

He looked at her. Her face was pale for want of sleep, and drawn and haggard. He came to a sudden resolution. "We must go back," he said.

She looked at the dead dogs, and shivered. "We cannot stay here," she said.

"We must go back," he repeated, glancing over his shoulder to see if the enemy kept their distance. "We have been happy for a time. . . . But the world is too civilized. Ours is the age of cities. More of this will kill us."

"But what are we to do? How can we live there?" Denton hesitated. His heel kicked against the wall on which he sat. "It's a thing I haven't mentioned before," he said, and coughed; "but . . ."

"Yes?"

"You could raise money on your expectations," he said.

"Could I?" she said eagerly.

"Of course you could. What a child you are!"

She stood up, and her face was bright. "Why did you not tell me before?" she asked. "And all this time we have been here!"

He looked at her for a moment, and smiled. Then the smile vanished. "I thought it ought to come from you," he said. "I didn't like to ask for your money. And besides—at first I thought this would be rather fine."

There was a pause.

"It has been fine," he said, and glanced once more over his shoulder. "Until all this began."

"Yes," she said, "those first days. The first three days."

They looked for a space into one another's faces, and then Denton slid down from the wall and took her hand.

"To each generation," he said, "the life of its time. I see it all plainly now. In the city—that is the life to which we were born. To live in any other fashion . . ."

Coming here was a dream, and this—the awakening.

"It was a pleasant dream," she said, "in the beginning."

For a long space neither spoke.

"If we would reach the city before the shepherds come here, we must start," said Denton. "We must get our food out of the house and eat as we go."

Denton glanced about him again, and, giving the dead dogs a wide berth, they walked across the garden space and into the house together. They found the wallet with their food, and descended the blood-stained stairs again. In the hall Elizabeth stopped. "One minute," she said. "There is something here."

She led the way into the room in which that one little blue flower was blooming. She stooped to it, she touched it with her hand.

"I want it," she said; and then, "I cannot take it. . . ."

Impulsively she stooped and kissed its petals.

Then silently, side by side, they went across the empty garden-space into the old highroad, and set their faces resolutely toward the distant city—toward the complex mechanical city of those latter days, the city that had swallowed up mankind.

AMERICAN TROOPS IN MANILA

LANDING at the office of the Captain of the Port last month, the most prominent feature of the street was certainly the American soldier. He was everywhere. For some reason an unusually strong guard occupied the principal streets. Every few hundred feet a sentry walked his beat, while here and there stood groups of blue-shirted brawny fellows talking army gossip. One was no sooner impressed with the numbers of troops than the suspicion was bound to rise that these men were not American volunteers at all, but a disguised regiment of Grenadier guards carefully selected for their physique and bearing. And here the writer wishes to make his meaning clear and strong. Never in all his experience has he ever seen a finer-looking lot of soldierly men, more courteous in manner and clean in conversation, than he met from time to time in the intrenchments of the Western volunteers. No comparison is intended; for, at this time, no Eastern regiments had been visited, and there were none in the vicinity. There has been so much laudation of some of our soldiers' minor exploits, which they themselves describe as foot-races, that the steadiness, patience and general high character of the men is apt to be lost sight of in indiscriminate and fulsome praise. They are men to be proud of, Americans through and through, and many a man esteemed tall would look like a boy among them. The losses of our troops will bring sorrow and suffering to many a home, but to the country itself it will bring something that money cannot buy, and which even long training often fails to inculcate. These men had already learned self-reliance, decision, and, withal, quiet patience; they will go back home far better equipped to meet life's responsibilities with calm courage and good judgment.

Along the Pasig every steamer flies the American ensign; hundreds of coolies stagger along grunting with burdens of army stores, others are extending the custom-house railroad track, and a tiny engine, with a soldier engineer and a soldier inspector in moving lines of trucks laden with Manila hemp into the storehouses. Black hulks of cascos, so strange in appearance of fittings and crew that they might well have floated in from Mars or the far side of the moon, are continuously coming and going, but through it all the soldier boys keep their heads, and there seems neither confusion nor delay.

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men were cowards; they, judging from the months of patient waiting while the city was practically besieged, had actually come almost to believe it. Now they know differently, and there is evident everywhere a respect for the powerful character that can submit and wait with patience for the order to act.

The divergent character of the people and troops is best seen at noon; then the vast majority of the shops and offices are closed until 2 p.m., while their owners take a mid-day siesta. Not so the soldiers; this is a lounging time, it is true, but many are found exploring the streets and lanes, so that for two hours it seems to be a city peopled entirely by soldiers. Late in the afternoon the streets are again full of activity—the tiny Filipino ponies are darting in every direction with their toy herds, native women, with masses of loose flowing hair, move about in couples, making purchases, plebeian carromatos mingle with handsome little calesches, with drivers in semi-livery, and roll over the Puente d'Espana, on their way to the drive on the Luneta. Some of the carriages contain seemingly pale American women, often with nurse and children. Their hair is smooth and shining, their costumes charming, and although night after night the rattle of musketry or the boom of cannon tells of an assault on the lines scarcely one half-hour's drive away, their faces are calm and unruffled.

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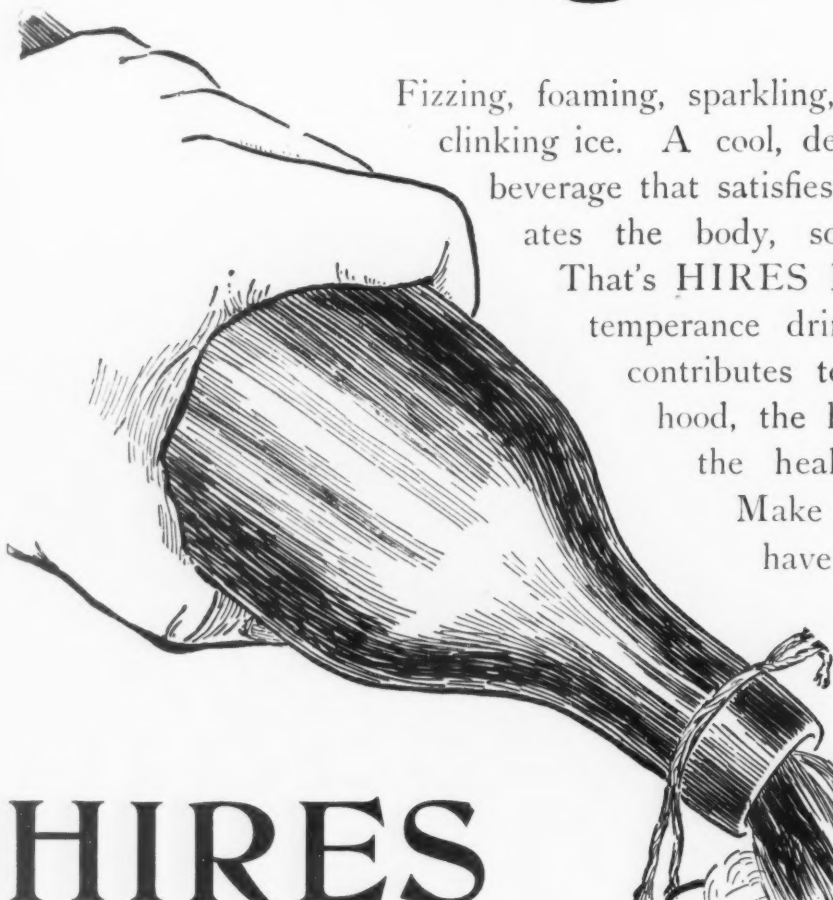
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JANICE MEREDITH



(CONCLUDED)

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD. Author of "The Honorable Peter Sterling"



[Began in COLLIER'S WEEKLY January 28]

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The story of "Janice Meredith" opens at Greenwood, the New Jersey home of Lambert Meredith, father of the heroine. The time is the year of grace 1774. Presently is introduced the "Prince from over the Sea," a young Englishman named Charles Fowles, indentured for a term of years to Squire Meredith, a declared royalist. Fowles secretly loves Janice. He becomes aide-de-camp to Washington, assuming the name of Brereton.

The story follows the fortunes of General Washington and describes the first battles of the Revolutionary War. Janice is brought to headquarters under arrest and is protected by Fowles. The royalist army descends into New Jersey. The Continental guard abandons the Merediths, who are captured by the British Light Horse. The officers are entertained by the Merediths. Fowles (or Colonel Brereton) is captured by British troops. With Janice's help he escapes. Washington crosses the Delaware and defeats the Hessians.

The Merediths endeavor to bring about a marriage between Janice and Philemon Hennon, a royalist neighbor. Colonel Brereton kidnaps Hennon and prevents the marriage. Squire Meredith is tarred and feathered by the Whigs and driven from the county. Janice, seeking her father, is detained by the illness of Mrs. Meredith and again meets Brereton at Philadelphia. She is threatened with famine, after Washington defeats Burgoyne. She meets Major André and Lord Clowes, who assist the Merediths, and mingles in gay society. News arriving of Hennon's death, Lord Clowes seeks Janice in marriage. Philadelphia is evacuated and the Merediths are left to the mercy of the lawless. They are rescued by Brereton, with whom Janice plights troth. Squire Meredith is condemned to death and Brereton forges an order from Washington to save him. Squire Meredith is sent into Virginia, a political prisoner. Janice and her mother accompany him, and suffer the rigors of winter travel. Janice doubts Brereton, and Hennon arriving once more on the scene, promises to marry the latter, now a British officer. Cornwallis, hemmed in at Portsmouth, sends a despairing appeal to Clinton for help.

XLVIII

MORE THAN ONE SURRENDER



THE COMMISSARY, WHO HAD been mending in his attentions and favors to the Merediths in the march from Point of Fork, procured for them the use of the custom-house at Yorktown, and saw to it that they had all that they needed for their comfort; nor was he in the least disheartened by the refusal of the

ladies of much he tried to do in their behalf, or by their avoidance of him. "Twill bring them around, give time," he predicted to the squire, who was not so averse to accepting the special privileges, and who much preferred fresh provisions to salt ones, and good wine to poor rum.

A sudden change came over Clowes with the news of their danger. He turned white on the confirmation of the arrival of the French fleet, and when the news was spread through the town that a spy had arrived from the American camp, with word of Washington's approach, he fell on the street in a fit, out of which he came only when he had been cupped, and sixty ounces of blood taken from him. Not once after that did he come near the Meredith women, but pale, and talking much to himself, he wandered restlessly about the town, or still more commonly stood for hours on the highest point of land which opened a view of the bay, gazing anxiously eastward for the possible English fleet.

It was on the 28th of September that the combined armies finally advanced, and two days were spent in the disposition of the forces; then the first parallel was opened, and the siege begun in earnest. Not till the 9th of October did the French and American artillery really open fire, but then a perfect storm of solid shot and bombs was rained into the British lines and the town. For forty-eight hours the fire continued, while every non-combatant and every soldier not needed in the redoubts lay crowded together in the cellars of the few houses, the horror being added to by the constant accession of wounded, and the frequent alarm of fire. With difficulty were any provisions secured, and there was no pretence of cooking.

On the night of the 11th a second parallel was opened, bringing the guns of the besiegers within six hundred yards of the British earthworks, and putting all parts of the town under fire. After this was completed, there was but slight resistance offered, for every gun with which the garrison sought to make reply was dismantled the moment it was advanced into the embrasure. For two days shot and shell splintered and tore through abattis and fraising, and levelled parapet and ditch, almost unanswered; then, on the night of the 14th, two columns, one of French and one of American, assaulted the left of the works and captured, after a bloody conflict, two redoubts, breaking the position, and exposing the rest to an enflaming fire. In desperation, a sortie was made on the evening of the 16th, and a portion of the French breastworks was carried, but the ground gained could not be held, and with daylight the English were in turn driven out. A few hours' cannonading from the captured redoubts proved that the lines were no longer tenable, and that all further fighting was but useless slaughter. Yielding to necessity, Lord Cornwallis wrote a letter to Washington asking a twenty-four hours' cessation of hostilities, in which to arrange terms of surrender.

This week of danger and suffering had been spent by Mrs. Meredith and Janice in such aid to the surgeons as they could give and in the tendance and feeding of

the injured. On the morning after the sortie, a fresh number of wounded men were brought into the already overcrowded cellar, and though the girl was faint with the long days of fright, bad air, poor food, and hard work, she went from man to man, doing what could be done to ease their torments and lessen their groans. The last brought in was in a faint, with his face and arm horribly torn and shattered by a shell, but a little brandy revived him, and he moaned for water. Hurdled she stooped over him, to drop a little from a spoon between the open lips.

"Janice!" he startled her by crying.

"Who are—?" she exclaimed. "Oh, Sir Frederick! You! How came you here?"

"They let me out of the prison Clowes had me put in," Mobray gasped, "and having nothing better, I enlisted in the ranks under another name." There he choked with blood.

"Doctor," called Janice. "Come quickly!"

"Humph!" growled the surgeon after one glance. "You should not summon me to waste time on him. Can't you see 'tis hopeless?"

"Oh, don't—" began Janice.

"Nay, he speaks the truth," said Mobray; "and I thank God 'tis so. Don't cry; I am glad to go, and though I have wasted my life, 'tis a happier death than poor John André's."

For a moment only the sobs of the girl could be heard, then the dying man gaspingly resumed, "A comrade I once had whom I loved best in this world, till I knew you. By a strange chance we loved the same girl; I wish I might die with the knowledge that he is to have the happiness that was denied to me."

"Oh, Sir Frederick, you must not ask it. He—"

"His was so bitter a story that he deserves a love such as yours would be to make it up to him. I can remember him the merriest of us all, loved by every man in the regiment, from batman to colonel."

"And what changed him?" Janice could not help asking.

"'Twas one evening at the mess of the Fusileers, when Powell, too deep in drink to know what he was saying, blurted out something concerning Mrs. Loring's relations with Sir William. Poor Charlie was the one man in the force who knew not why such favoritism had been shown in his being put so young into Howe's regiment. But that we were eight to one, he'd have killed Powell then and there. Prevented in that, he set off to slay his colonel, never dreaming he was his own father. He burst in on me late that night, crazed with grief, and told me how he had found him at his mother's, and how she had robbed him of his vengeance by a word. The next day he disappeared, and never news had I of him until that encounter at Greenwood. Does he not deserve something to sweeten his life?"

"I feel for him deeply," replied the girl, sadly, "the more that I did him a grave wrong in my thoughts, and by some words I spoke must have cut him to the quick, and added pain to pain."

"Then you will make him happy?"

"No, Sir Frederick, that I cannot."

"Don't punish him for what was not his fault."

"'Tis not for that," she explained. "But in a moment of direct need, when I appealed to him, he failed me; and, though now I better understand his resentment against my father and myself, I cannot forgive it."

"I will not believe it of him. Hot and impulsive he is by nature, but never cruel or resentful."

"'Tis, alas, but too true," grieved Janice.

Once again the baronet choked with blood, and struggled for a moment convulsively. Then more faintly he said: "Wilt give him my love, and a good-by?"

"I will," sobbed the girl.

"I—I fear I am a ghastly object," he went on, "but could you bring yourself— Am I too horrible for one kiss of farewell? He would not grudge it to me."

Bravely the girl bent her head and gave him his wish.

"Heaven bless you," he said chokingly. "And try to forgive him. Good-by. I have served my term, and at last am to be let out of the bigger jail." And a moment later he was dead.

For a little while the girl remained kneeling beside Mobray, then, rising, she resumed her task of nursing the yet living. But so distant were her thoughts that she did not even note the sudden cessation of the cannonading, and was first made aware of it by her father.

"Come, Patty," he called from the top of the stairs.

"Come, Janice. The firing has ceased, to permit a flag coming in from the rebels. Up with ye both, and get the fresh air while ye can."

"I will stay here, father," replied the girl, "and care for the wounded."

"Nonsense, lass! Ye shall not kill yourself. I order you to come away."

Reluctantly she obeyed and came out of the cellar, blinking and gasping with the novelty of sunlight and sea breeze after the darkness and stench of the last week. It was a strange transformation that greeted her eyes—paved-up streets and ruins of buildings dismantled by shot, or left heaps of ashes by the shell, everywhere telling of the fury of the siege. But what instantly caught her eye was a blindfolded man in Continental uniform being led down the street between two British officers. In front of Lord Cornwallis's headquarters the three paused, and the handkerchief was re-

moved from the American's eyes. But even before this Janice had recognized Colonel Brereton's figure, and impulsively she started forward and said:

"Oh, Colonel Brereton, poor Sir Frederick has just expired, and left a message with me for you."

"One word with Miss Meredith," requested Brereton to the officers.

"We will announce your arrival to his lordship," replied one of them, and both of his escorts passed into the Nelson House.

"'Twas but his love and a farewell."

"He was the only friend left me in the world," said Brereton, sadly, "and I know not why he is taken and I am left." Then he squared his shoulders. "Is that all, for my mission is important?"

"I have no right to detain you further," answered the girl hurriedly; "but—but I want you to know that neither dadda nor I knew the truth concerning Mrs. Loring when we said what we did on that fatal night. We both thought—thought— Your confession to me that once you loved her, and her looking too young to be your mother, led me into a misconception."

"Then you forgive me?" he cried eagerly.

"For the words you spoke then I do not even blame you, sir. But what was can never be again."

"Ay," said the officer, bitterly. "You need not say it. You cannot scorn me more than I scorn myself." And before the girl could reply, Brereton entered headquarters and slammed the door behind him.

"This way," directed one of the officers, leading him into a room, where stood Cornwallis.

"I bear a letter from General Washington to your lordship."

The earl broke the seal and read the brief missive. "He grants a suspension of hostilities for two hours from the delivery of this, for me to put my proposals in writing. Did he say aught to you, sir, of the terms he would grant?"

"I am no longer on General Washington's staff," answered Brereton, "so I know not his expectations."

"From all I hear of him," said the general, "he is not a man to use a triumph ungenerously. He fought bravely under the British standards, and surely will not now seek to bring shame on them." Seating himself at the table, he wrote a few lines, which he folded and sealed. "Will you not, sir, use your influence with him to grant us the customary honors, and spare the officers from the disgrace of giving up their side arms?"

"I no longer possess influence with or the confidence of his Excellency," replied Brereton, gravely; "but he is a generous man, and I predict will not push his advantage merely for your humiliation."

"Will he not forbear making our surrender a spectacle?"

"If the talk of the camp be of value, my lord, 'tis said you are to be granted the exact terms you allowed to General Lincoln at Savannah; and you yourself cannot but acknowledge the justice of such treatment."

The proud face of the British general worked for a moment in the intensity of his emotion. "We have no right to complain that we receive measure for measure," he said, "and yet, sir, though the lex talionis may be justified, it makes it none the less bitter."

Colonel Brereton took the letter, his eyes were blindfolded again, and he was led back beyond the lines.

Janice, after her brief dialogue with Brereton, returned to where her father and mother were seated on the steps, and taking place beside them, leaned her head wearily on her hand. For a little while she sat in silence, then nerving herself, she began telling of Mobray's death and of the revelations he made. Barely were her parents' exclamations of surprise and regret begun when shuffling footsteps, as of one with only partial use of his legs, interrupted them, and Janice, as she glanced up, gave a slight cry of fear. And well she might, for there stood the commissary, with his face like one risen from the dead, it was so white and staring.

"Meredith," he whispered, as if his larynx were parched beyond the ability to speak aloud, while with one hand he held his throat in a vain attempt to make his speech less weak and raucous. "They say there has been an American officer in town and that the post is to be surrendered. Tell me that Cornwallis will never do that. He's a brave man. Tell me it isn't so."

"Nothing else is there for him to do, Clowes."

"No, no. Let him hold out a few days longer. Clinton will relieve us yet. He mustn't give up. God, Meredith, they'll hang me! He mustn't surrender. I can't die just as life is worth something. From the day my father died in the debtors' prison, and I was thrown a penniless boy upon the world, it's been one long fight to keep my head above water until I got this appointment. No, no. I can't die now. I'm rich. Ninety thousand pounds I've made. To be caught like a rat! He mustn't surrender the post." And muttering to himself, the miserable man shambled away, to repeat the same protests and prayers to the next one he found.

"He had another fit last night," remarked the squire, "and no one has seen him eat or sleep in four days, nor can he be persuaded to either."

With the expiration of the two hours, the firing was not resumed, and all that day and the next flags were passing and repassing between the lines; with the re-

(Continued on page 22)

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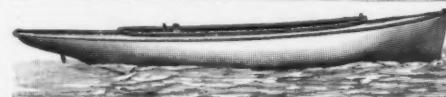
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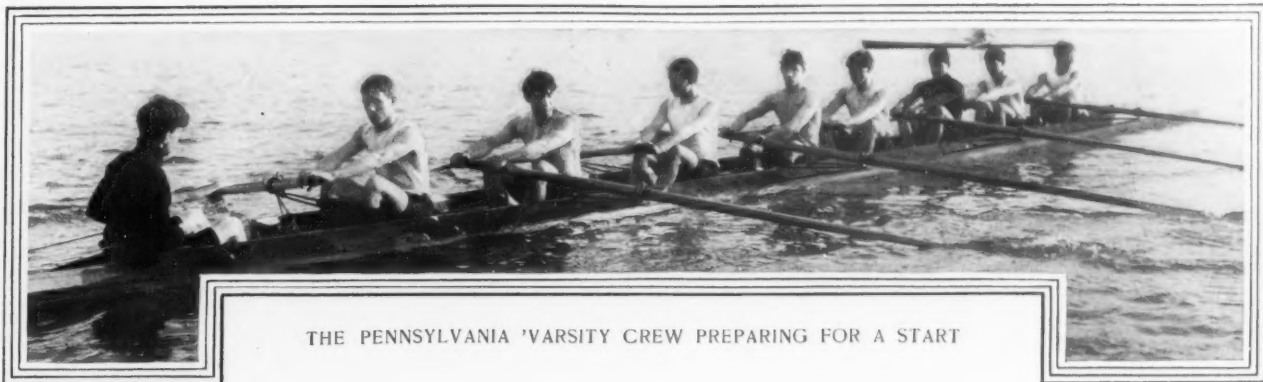
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THE PENNSYLVANIA 'VARSITY CREW PREPARING FOR A START

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON
FIELD AND WATER

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can:
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

WHEN, two or three years ago, I followed the Pennsylvania crew about on the waters of the Hudson, I became impressed with the fact that, although there was extreme criticism of their stroke and style, there were certainly occasions in which they got on a tremendous pace. They did this same thing at Saratoga last year, and a short time ago I was talking with a rowing man who lives near Poughkeepsie, and who with me had been watching Pennsylvania pretty closely. Without any suggestion on my part he made the following statement:

"It is a good deal of a mystery to me how Pennsylvania gets her speed, for she certainly does get it, and yet her men do not row in what any of us considers good form."

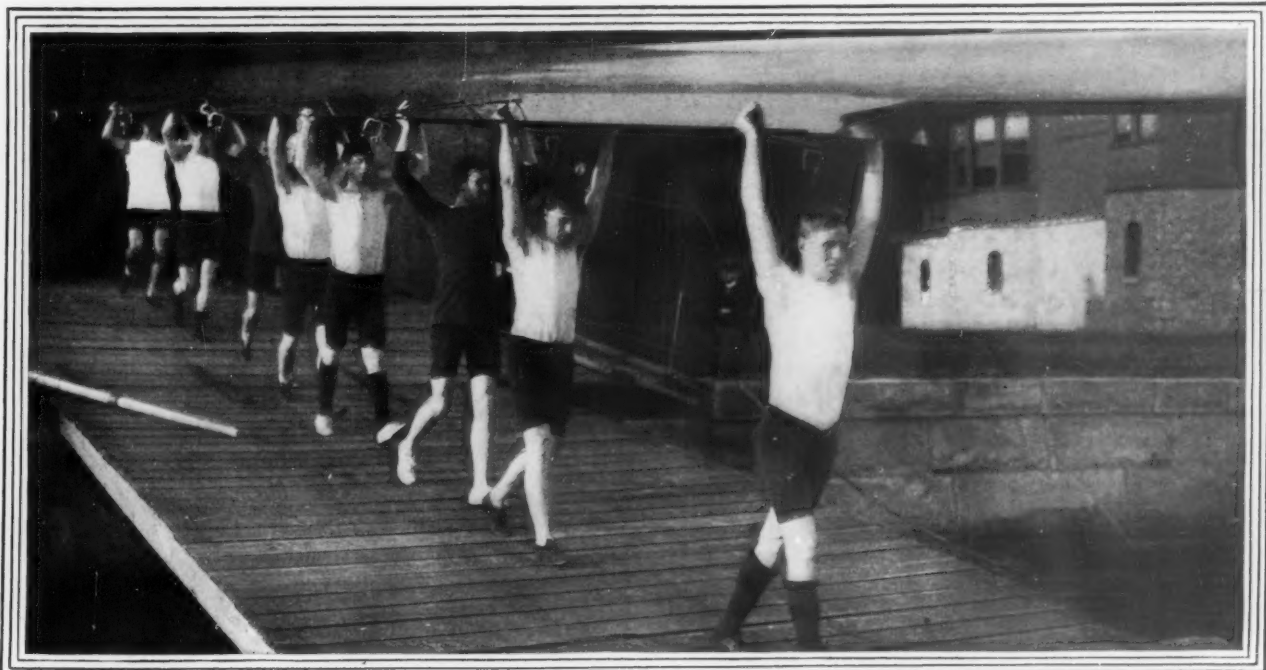
Now, I do not know that I have ever been more impressed with this view of the matter than in the case of the race between Cornell and Pennsylvania's second crews at Ithaca. Here was a case when, after waiting for good water, the race was started under conditions that were thoroughly favorable for a satisfactory contest. When the two crews started, the same thing that we have always noticed so often in contrasting Cornell and Pennsylvania crews transpired. Cornell was clean and finished in style, their blade work excellent, and the boat travelling very steadily. Pennsylvania seemed rushed and splashed not a little. Their form was not nearly as good as that of Cornell, but during the first quarter of a mile the Pennsylvania boat crept ahead of Cornell, and although any one looking at the two crews would have said, basing his view on what we call form, that Cornell ought to be rowing away from Pennsylvania, Cornell barely succeeded in getting even with Pennsylvania beginning the second half mile. Cornell was sticking to 32, while Pennsylvania was up to 34 when the two passed the mile mark, the Cornell shell being one-quarter of a length ahead at this period. On they went down the course, Cornell smooth as a machine, and Pennsylvania ragged, or at least ragged in contrast to the especial precision of the

Cornell method. But for all that the boats seemed to hang together, Pennsylvania working like beavers to pull down Cornell's lead in this second half mile, and Cornell responding every time enough to still keep a little to the good. And, at last, in a blare of noise and horns and cries, the finish line was crossed with Pennsylvania still lapping the Cornell boat up to No. 5.

On the same day a crew said to have been coached by another of the Ward brothers, namely, the Cornwall crew, defeated the Cascadilla School crew by over a length. The Cascadilla School crew, coached in the Cornell fashion by Troy, who formerly sat in the Cornell boat, exhibited the same superiority of style; but Ward's proteges again demonstrated that style was not everything in a boat race.

Pennsylvania's 'varsity crew is exhibiting less of this raggedness this year than ever before; but to the American boating man, drilled in the collegian's school of rowing, Ward's crew shows many of the features that are universally condemned as poor form. All the men row a part of the stroke in the air, and there is none of that hooking of the blade into the water upon the full reach that is demanded by all our best college coaches. The leg drive, owing to the great length of slide, is relied upon for the major part of the stroke. In fact, the Ward style of rowing is even more marked in this year's crew than it was in that of 1898. Nor is this any wonder, considering the fact that six of this year's crew sat in last year's boat. The conditions therefore are ideal for a test of the statement that the Cornell crew of 1898 was, after winning at New London from Harvard and Yale, beaten at Saratoga because the men had gone stale. Unless Cornell defeats Pennsylvania upon the Hudson on June 27, Ward's triumph of last year will stand unquestioned. But if Ward's crew, now practically veterans in his style, can duplicate their victory of 1898, there will be a lot of criticism of the stroke and a return of the general scoffing that prevailed previous to that remarkable Saratoga race. It seems to me that that scoffing was not then warranted by the facts. For two years Pennsylvania and Ward had been put out of it, not by faults or defects in their rowing or their stroke, but by condition of the water. Shells were never designed for jolly boats, and no eight-oared shell race should be rowed in rough water. If races are to be rowed as football games are played, regardless of weather conditions, then the sport takes on different features altogether. Hence it does not seem to me that judgment should have been

passed upon Pennsylvania's misfortunes as reflecting upon their stroke because they were swamped, even though other crews lived through. As stated earlier in this paragraph, Ward's crews certainly have pace, and they get it from main strength partly, but also from what other coaches consider an exaggerated leg drive. If a man can throw away the first six inches of his stroke by pulling it in the air, and then make it up by some four inches extra slide, his boat may travel just as many feet to the minute as though he got a good clean catch and then slid only seventeen inches. A good deal of comment has been passed upon the Annapolis race, and it has been said that the Pennsylvania crew did their very best to make the defeat of the cadets as severe as possible, knowing that a comparison was not only natural, but inevitable with Columbia and with Yale's second crew. Pennsylvania's crew defeated Annapolis five lengths, Columbia won by only a scant length, and Yale's second crew defeated the cadets by a little over three lengths. Pennsylvania's rowing men believe that their Annapolis race was rowed altogether too early to be any criterion of the strength of the crew. The same may be said of Columbia's race also. As Yale's 'varsity defeats the second crew over two lengths to the mile, or about five lengths to the two miles, one would say that the Yale 'varsity is considerably better than Pennsylvania's 'varsity on the basis of such a comparison. But as the two do not meet, such speculation is idle, and can never be verified. In the case of Columbia it is different. Furthermore, as Cornell's second crew defeated Pennsylvania's second crew by a half length, and Pennsylvania's 'varsity defeats her second crew three lengths in two mile races, while Cornell's 'varsity defeats her second crew by just about the same margin of a length and a half in a mile, one can reasonably consider that, at the present writing, Pennsylvania's 'varsity is a little inferior to Cornell's 'varsity, but only a little. Pennsylvania is rowing in a paper shell made after Ward's plans, and he considers it faster than last year's boats. Cornell is likely to row in a cedar boat. The Pennsylvania boat checks more between strokes than Cornell or Columbia, but this is attributed to the lack of control over their slides of the two less experienced men in the boat, and Ward expects to overcome this before the crews line up for the test. Pennsylvania's freshmen are ragged and at times all over the boat, but, like their elders, they get a long hard drive with their legs, and, if they can keep their boat on its keel, will give a good account of themselves.



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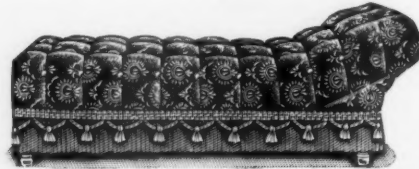
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Columbia I have already commented upon once or twice.

The crew is a better one than the blue and white have turned out for a number of years. Their work has been more faithful, and Dr. Peet has had full swing. The result is that the crew looks more like business than the New York crew did last year. Their race with Annapolis considerably lowered belief in their chances, especially when Pennsylvania beat the Cadets some five lengths. But, as I said at that time, it is not fair to judge the Columbia crew by that exhibition. Their stroke is one that develops slowly, and they were by no means ready for a race when they went to Annapolis.

There is one thing which seems to me to militate against the Columbia crew, and that is that Dr. Peet's stroke is a good one for a four-mile race. That is not saying that it is not good for a three-mile, but that the Annapolis race showed that, in order to make the most of themselves, Columbia ought to have a long distance to go, and cannot calculate on driving it too early. There is a first-rate body swing in Columbia's stroke this year, and they get a good catch. The time is not what it ought to be, and the blade work still needs some tinkering. One or two of the heavy men in the waist do not get down easily enough on their slides, especially when the stroke is shoved up a point or two. They shake together better the further they go in practice, and this is their most encouraging feature.

Wisconsin is an unknown quantity, and especially now that they are without the services of O'Dea, whose path, by the way, is understood to be not all roses at Cambridge. At this writing Wisconsin's crew has not been on the course, so that it is impossible to form any opinion of their abilities. The trip East is a hard one, and must always count against a crew who is handicapped by the necessity of transporting men and boats such a distance. It is not only the strain of travel, but the worry over the safety of boats and the condition of the men, and it hardly seems as though the game were worth the candle, although one good victory against such odds would do a lot for boating in the Middle West.

In spite of the rather close run that Pennsylvania's second crew gave Cornell's substitutes, there is a feeling of confidence in Ithaca that cannot be shaken, and that same spirit of belief in Cornell pervades the riverside at Poughkeepsie. It is certain that Briggs will be much missed, but Robbins, who will take his place, is a good oar, and while not capable of driving the crew to the extent the wonderful little Briggs could, sets a good stroke and one easily followed. He was not good enough to make the 'varsity crew last year, but has been working at it for two years, and has shown such progress that Courtney finally decided upon him for this season. The stroke is well carried back by Dalzell at 7, whom we have all seen before. As bow on the '98 'varsity crew he did

great work, and he gets the stroke thoroughly. There are four men in the waist of the Cornell boat who have the strength and power to furnish speed even if 1 and 2 and 7 and 8 were inclined to take things easy. Sweetland at 3 is one of the strongest men in college, and Courtney had him in the boat with him two weeks after his clearance by the Cornell Athletic Council on the charge of professionalism. Perkins at 5 is the biggest man in the boat, but he has not had the experience of the others. King at 4 is, however, a veteran, and he rowed in the '97 crew. Beardsley at 6 is a man who was picked out last year as close to the best in the Cornell eight. Holloway, at present rowing at 2, does not follow the stroke quite as well as some of the men before him, but he is powerful and is likely to get into the swing before the day of the race. Fay, who is now at bow, is another new man, having rowed on his freshman crew only, but Courtney seems to have plenty of confidence in him. As usual, the finish of the crew is excellent, but they do not impress one with the same feeling of power as did the '98 crew. But they are better rigged and boated than any other crew on the river, and this should give them the necessary winning advantage.

Not even the most sanguine supporters of Yale would have been ready to make the statement that Robertson would hold Princeton without a base hit through nine innings, but this he did, and his speed and accurate delivery

were just as strong in the ninth as in the first. The game he pitched against Princeton was the best work in the box that has been done by any college pitcher for a long time. It seems too much to ask of a man to do everything; but if the young pitcher had only been taught to run bases he would have made a run instead of being put out at the plate. His opponent, Hillebrand, had the worst day of his career, sending six men to bases, hitting three, and making a couple of wild pitches. Yale hit him also for ten hits, Sullivan getting a three bagger. The day was all Yale from the start, and even fortune seemed to come along and help out the winners.

Wear's beautiful catch of Kafer's liner in the sixth inning was alone worth the price of admission, while Camp made another pretty one in deep short. Quimby demonstrated once more that he is one of the best college base runners, and, between him and De Saulles, college men can get good examples of brilliant stealing and sliding. In the whole game four Princeton men only reached first base, and only two of these reached second.

The game fulfilled the requirements noted in this column a week or two ago, in that there was plenty of hitting and a very small proportion of men struck out.

The intercollegiate bicycle champions hip was settled on the Berkeley Oval by a victory for Yale. Her men,

coached by Collett, did even more than was expected of them, the final score being: Yale, 21; Princeton, 14; Georgetown, 6; Cornell, 3; University of Pennsylvania, 1. Harvard was not represented at the meeting.

The only record broken was that of the intercollegiate quarter-mile by Ripley, captain of the Princeton team, who brought it down to 30 4-5 seconds. The audience was not as large as the sport deserved.

The surprise of the meeting was the beating out of the Princeton team, Ripley and Beaman, by Moore and Strauss in the tandem.

I see that many who have been in the early part of the season commenting very strongly upon the tremendous weight in the Yale boat say that the change of putting Brown in Cross's place was to lighten the weight, and that this has had the desired effect. One would suppose from reading these articles that Brown was a little fellow, but those who remember the big Yale football guard will realize that no very great reduction could be made by placing him in the boat. The Yale men have an example of good weight in the Cambridge crew of this year. The Cambridge president himself—R. B. Etherington-Smith—who rowed No. 5, weighed 183 pounds in the buff. As a matter of fact, the Yale crew will lighten up a good deal in June, and especially if there should be very hot weather.

WALTER CAMP.



COLUMBIA FRESHMEN PUTTING THEIR SHELL INTO THE WATER FOR A PRACTICE ROW



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE

THE COLUMBIA 'VARSITY CREW TAKING A PRACTICE SPIN ON THE HUDSON

JANICE MEREDITH

(Continued from page 17)

suit that on the afternoon of the latter commissioners met at the Moore House and drew up the terms of capitulation, which were signed that evening. Then, on the 19th, the whole British force, with shouldered arms, faced colors, and bands playing an English air, marched out to a plain where the French and American armies were paraded, and grounded their muskets and standards. But the officers, through Washington's generosity, were allowed to retain their swords, sparing Cornwallis the mortification of having to be present in person; and it was General O'Hara who spoke the formal words of surrender, and who led the disarmed and flagless regiments back into the town, once the formalities had been completed. An hour later the British troops at Gloucester, across the river, including Tarleton's and Simcoe's light horse, went through the same submission. By nightfall twenty-four standards and over eight thousand prisoners were in the possession of the allied forces. But one had escaped them, for in a cellar, hidden behind a heap of refuse and boxes, his body and face horribly distorted, and with froth yet on his lips, lay the commissary, dead.

Toward dusk on the day of the surrender one of the aides of Cornwallis delivered to the Merediths a note from his lordship, bidding them to a dinner which he gave that night to Washington and Rochambeau, a courtesy only too eagerly accepted after the week of scant and uncooked food they had endured. At table the host placed the two generals on his right and left, and as the only two ladies present, Mrs. Meredith and her daughter were seated next, Janice beside the marquis, who was delighted to find that she could speak his own tongue so glibly. Every one vied in preventing any restraint or awkwardness, and the meal, instead of being one of ceremony, was to all one of enjoyment. Janice had but a greeting with Washington before they sat down, but the moment the gentlemen rejoined them in the parlor, she boldly went up to him, and with tears in her eyes began fervent thanks for the letter which had saved her father. In the midst of them the general checked her by a word and gesture.

"There are no thanks due to me, Miss Janice," he said, "for, much as I may have wished to serve you, my public duties made it unwise. Your gratitude is wholly due to Colonel Brereton."

"I do not understand—What do you mean?" exclaimed the girl. "He—'twas your letter, to the governor said."

"'Twas my letter, but his act," said Washington; and in a few words explained. "Colonel Brereton expected, and should have been court-martialed and shot for what he did," the general ended; "but he had served me faithfully, and so I refrained from making his misconduct public, and punished him no further than by demanding his resignation from my staff. You lost me a good friend and officer, Miss Janice, but to-night, with the war in effect ended, I cannot feel sorry to think that his action spared you the loss of your father."

Before the girl had found her tongue, others joined the two, and Janice, perceiving it was out of the question to speak further on the subject, retired to a window seat with a face at once thoughtful and miserable. She was not allowed to sit apart, for a number of the officers instantly clustered about her, but she was markedly absent-minded and silent, and when Mrs. Meredith signalled their departure, she responded with a readiness that came close to being eager.

Once they were on the street Janice spoke, "Daddy," she asked, "how can I most quickly get speech with Philemon?"

"I understand the troops at Gloucester are to be brought across the river to-morrow," the question and answer had served to bring them to their own lodgings, if the battered and shot-torn building could be given the term, and the moment they were within Janice said:

"I have that to say, daddy, which I fear will anger and pain you greatly." Then in a few words she repeated to her parents what Washington had told her.

"And why should that hurt me, lass? I own I treated the colonel somewhat scurvily, and that he has repaid it in different kind, but 'twill be no grief to apologize and thank him for what he did."

"'Twas not that of which I am apprehensive, but when I wrote to Colonel Brereton,

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and besought his aid, I promised that I would wed him if he would but save you, and—and oh, daddy, please be not angry with me, but I—I feel I must fulfil my pledge, if he asks it of me."

"And how of your promise—and mine—to Phil?"

"'Twas for that I wished to see him, to tell—to explain—"

The squire shook his head doubtfully. "I can't lay blame on ye, Jan, since I owe my very life to what ye did. Yet 'tis bitter to me to break faith with Philemon."

"I feel as guilty, daddy, but I think he will be generous, and give us back our promise, when I tell him all the facts."

"And 'tis as hard," went on the father, "to think of letting ye wed this fellow Brereton, though I do owe my life to him."

"Ah, daddy, you will not punish him for the wrong his parents did him?"

"'Tis not that, Jan, but because he is a rebel to—"

The girl gave a little laugh, as if a weight were taken from her thoughts, and she flung her arms about her father's neck and kissed him. "Why, daddy," she cried, with the old roguishness, "how can he be a rebel, now that they've won?"

"She speaks true, Lambert," chimed in Mrs. Meredith, "and we should be grateful that 'tis so, for it will allow of our return and peaceful living at Greenwood."

The squire pulled a wry look. "Little I dreamed I'd ever break faith, or make friends of the enemies of my king, but the times are disloyal, and I suppose one must go with them. If you can persuade Phil to release us, Jan, have your way."

Again his daughter kissed him, but this time tenderly, with all the ardor gone. "Thank you, daddy, for yielding," she said, "for 'twould have been horrible to me had you not."

The squire kissed her in return. "Better one rebel in the family than two," he responded with a laugh, which suggested that whatever his compunctions, he knew at heart that the outcome was for the best, and was already reconciled to it. "Thou'rt too good a lass, Jan, to make into more of a rebel than this same Brereton will no doubt make ye." "He'll make no rebel of me to my darling daddy, that I'll promise," asserted Janice. Mrs. Meredith laughed still more heartily. "I'll rest content if ye don't declare independent of us, and allegiance to him, within one month of marriage, Jan."

It was a hard interview the girl had with Major Hennon, but she went through with it bravely, telling all the circumstances. "Tis not merely that I owe him the fulfillment of the promise I made him before that to you was given, Phil," Janice ended; "but though I thought my love for him was dead the moment I heard of how he had risked life and station to spare me grief—I—There she ceased speaking, but her eyes and cheeks told eloquently what her tongue refused to put in words.

Philemon with a sad face took her hand. "I'll not make it the harder for you by protests or appeals, Janice," he said; "for, however it may pain me, I wish to spare you."

"Oh, don't, please," she sobbed. "If you—if you would only blame me."

"I can't do that," he replied, simply. "And—and 'tis as well, perhaps. Henceforth I must be an exile, with only my sword to depend upon; so it would have been no life for you. God prosper you, and good-by."

For some time after Philemon's departure the girl wept, but by degrees the sobs ended, and she became calmer. Yet, as the tears ceased, some other emotion replaced them, for, thrice, as she sat musing, her cheeks flushed without apparent reason, several times her brows wrinkled, as if some question were puzzling her; and once she started forward impulsively, some action determined, only to sink back, as if lacking courage. Suddenly she sprang to her feet, and, apparently afraid to give herself time for consideration, she ran, rather than walked, into the garden of the Nelson House. Here she picked a single flower from a late blooming rose, and such belated sprays of honeysuckle as still blossomed, and made them into a bunch. Returning to the street, she walked up to the first Continental soldier she saw looting about.

"Dost know where Colonel Brereton's regiment is tented?" she asked boldly, though blushing none the less for some reason.

"Guess I ought ter, seein' I'm a corporil in it," was the reply.

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"Wilt favor me by taking him these flowers?" she requested, holding them out with one hand, while her other tendered a Spanish milled dollar.

"Calkerlate I will; and who'll I say sent 'em?"

"I— Say nothing at all—but just give him the bunch."

"Don't hardly seem worth carryin'," said the soldier, glancing at the flowers with open contempt, "and sartin it ain't worth no sich money ter take 'em." Lest she should agree with him, however, he set off with celerity. "Like as not he'll give me a reprimand fer troublin' him with a gal's nonsense," he soliloquized, as he walked. "Swan ef I ain't most tempted ter throw 'em in the ditch."

Fortunately he did not commit the breach of faith, though there were distinct qualities of shame and apology in his voice and manner, when, having been reported, he was permitted to enter his superior's tent.

"A gal gave me this, sir, ter take ter you, an' she would hev it, though I told her she'd no business ter be botherin' yer with sich plumb foolishness."

The flowers were snatched, rather than taken, from his hand. "Where was she when she gave them to you?" demanded Brereton.

"I seen her go back inter the garding of the Nelson House, sir."

The colonel, without stopping for hat or side arms, started out of the tent almost at a run. Halting suddenly, he fumbled in his pocket, and pulling out three or four coins, he tossed back a gold piece to the man; then hurried away toward the town.

"Waal!" ejaculated the soldier, as he stooped and picked it up. "A hard dollar from a gal was had enough, but I didn't expect ter see the colonel go clean crazy like that. A moidore, as I'm a livin' sinner."

It was well before three o'clock that the lover hastened through the gateway of the garden; yet it was not till after the sunset gun that Brereton and Janice came out from it, and crossing the street to the Merediths' quarters, entered the room where the parents were sitting.

"Mr. Meredith," said the officer, holding out his hand, "a bondman of yours ran off while there was yet four years of service due you. He is ready now to fulfil the contract, nor will he complain if you enforce the legal penalty of double time."

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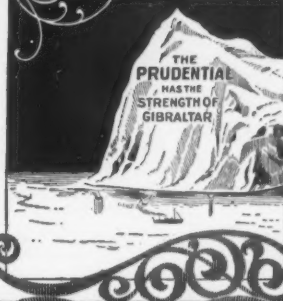
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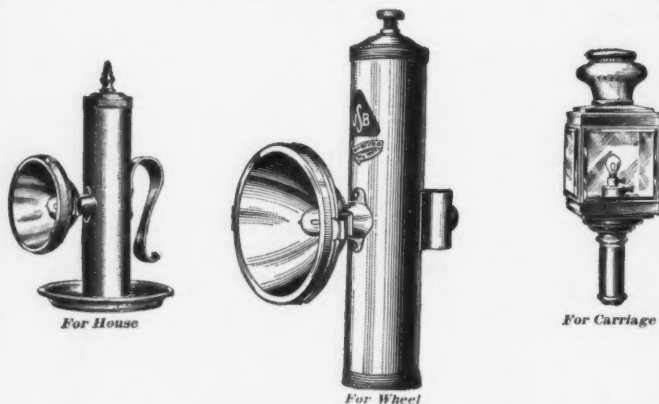
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